

# The Sketch

No. 976.—Vol. LXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



"BABY SITTING UP BEHIND; RIDING ALONG LIKE A SAMURAI": MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE, THE YOUNGEST LEADING LADY OF MUSICAL COMEDY, SINGING "THE LITTLE JAPANESE MAMMA" IN "THE MOUSMÉ," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Miss Courtneidge is only just eighteen. It will be remembered that she made her début on the stage in "The Arcadians," when she succeeded Miss Phyllis Dare as Eileen Cavanagh. In "The Mousmé" she plays Miyo Ko San, daughter of General Okubo and his English wife.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*]





### Something New— To Me.

When I come across anything new, friend the reader, I always make a note, in order that I may tell you about it. I came across something new at Sheffield, on my way to Newcastle. This was nothing less than an automatic boot-cleaning machine. Here are the directions—

1. PLACE PENNY IN SLOT.
2. PLACE FOOT IN OPENING ON PEDESTAL: RAISE GARMENTS A LITTLE.
3. PUSH BUTTON.
4. WHEN LIGHT GOES OUT, CHANGE FOOT AND PUSH BUTTON AGAIN.
5. ONE PENNY OPERATES FOR BOTH SHOES.

All these things I faithfully did. It was quite simple to place a penny in the slot; one has become accustomed to that, and knows that the danger is small. On the other hand, it requires a little pluck to thrust your foot into a dark opening with the full intention of setting whirring wheels a-going all around it. Nevertheless, acting in your interests, friend the reader, I did it. Then, with a trembling hand, I pushed the button.

What happened? Was my foot seized by some invisible clutch and drawn into the intestines of the machine? No. Did busy brushes instantly ply to and fro at incredible speed? No. Nothing happened.

I am sorry; but the machine was out of order.

### Newcastle.

The more I see of the big cities of England, the more I flush with pride in my nationality. Take Newcastle. I had always pictured Newcastle as a huge, grimy, gloomy city. "Taking coals to Newcastle" had eaten into my brain from childhood. Newcastle, to me, was one vast coalfield. There were no trees, no fields, no pleasant waters. The streets were black and the people grey. That, I swear, is the impression of Newcastle that each man carries about with him unless he happens to have been brought here by ties of relationship, friendship, or business.

What is the truth about Newcastle? Wide, handsome streets; old-world squares filled with trees and green grass; a blue sky; handsome buildings; a vast population of contented wage-earners; a city rich in historical associations. The people of Newcastle are kindly by nature and of a cheerful disposition. As befits the citizens of so rich and important a city, they think for themselves on all subjects. They know their London and admire it, but they are far enough away from London to preserve independent minds on all topics. Newcastle is a great power in the land.

And how the Tynesider loves his Tyne—the Tyne that has made him what he is! He has written, of course, a song about her—

Tyne river, running rough or smooth,  
Brings bread to me and mine;  
Of all the rivers, north or south,  
There's none like coaly Tyne.

"Canny Newcassel." There is another song, dating from the reign of George III., which tells of a Newcastle man's visit to London, and the strengthening of his pride as a Tynesider by comparison. Here is the refrain—

'Bout Lunnnon then divvent ye make sic a rout,  
There's nous there maw blinkers te dazzle,  
For a' the fine things ye are gobbin' about,  
We can marra iv canny Newcassel.

By KEBLE HOWARD  
(“ Chicot ”).

### The Castle.

I regret to say that I have not, at the moment of writing, yet visited the Castle.

### "The Butcher's Matinée."

Newcastle is the only town within my experience—the only provincial town, that is to say—which provides a music-hall matinée on a Tuesday, and provides that matinée for one branch of trade. Tuesday is cattle-market day in Newcastle. In the afternoon, I am told, every butcher for miles round is to be found at the Newcastle Pavilion. Travel and learn.

### Next Year.

Somebody has kindly sent me a little book full of information with regard to 1912. I turned at once to June, my natal month, and learned the following facts of supreme importance—

"Very heavy depression now affects those who were born on the 17th or 18th of May, and the 19th of November in any year. Such will do well to safeguard health and fortunes. Those born on the 15th of July or the 14th of January must now be wary in their conduct."

Does this mean that you and I, friend the reader, have no need to be wary in our conduct? The point is not quite clear. A more definite statement comes under the heading of July: "The 13th warns those born thereon to beware of seductive influences in love affairs, and the 14th holds similar dangers. The latter day shows also changes. Beware of ill-advised offers or projects of marriage. They lead to confusion."

Farmers will be glad to learn that August 1912 is to be a good harvest month. The weather will be "fine, with much heat, to the 7th; windy on the 7th; variable to the 12th; heavy rains about the 12th and 13th; unsettled to the 19th; windy on the 22nd; much cooler on the 25th; thunderstorms on the 28th and heavy rains." Naturally, this month could scarcely be anything else than a "good harvest month."

Christmas Day of next year shows "deceptions and chaotic schemes." Altogether, a neat, useful, and heartening manual.

### More Gloom.

One of my daily papers has been interviewing "a man well qualified to pronounce" on the evergreen subject of marriage. I am sorry to be assured that this man is "well qualified to pronounce," because his pronouncements are terribly distressing reading.

"We no longer marry for love in England, but we strike business bargains." That is one of his well-qualified unqualified pronouncements. "Each party tries to best the other, and, as the phenomenal crop of broken engagements this year shows, sometimes without success."

One young gentleman, it seems, demanded that his prospective father-in-law should pay all his debts, amounting to nearly £10,000, and should also settle upon him the annual sum of £1000. The old man said—

"No, Harry. I admit that I am anxious to get rid of the girl, but I am still more anxious to keep my money."

"That," said Harry sternly, "is my final offer. To anybody else it would be more. But I like you, and I am therefore making a considerable reduction. I am charging nothing for the time I have spent with your daughter during the preliminaries to sheer business; some men, I know, would tot up a good bill for pretty speeches, soft looks, kindness to mother, and all that sort of thing, to say nothing of petty cash. I throw all that in. Ten thou. down and a thou. a year—take it or leave it?" The old man left it.



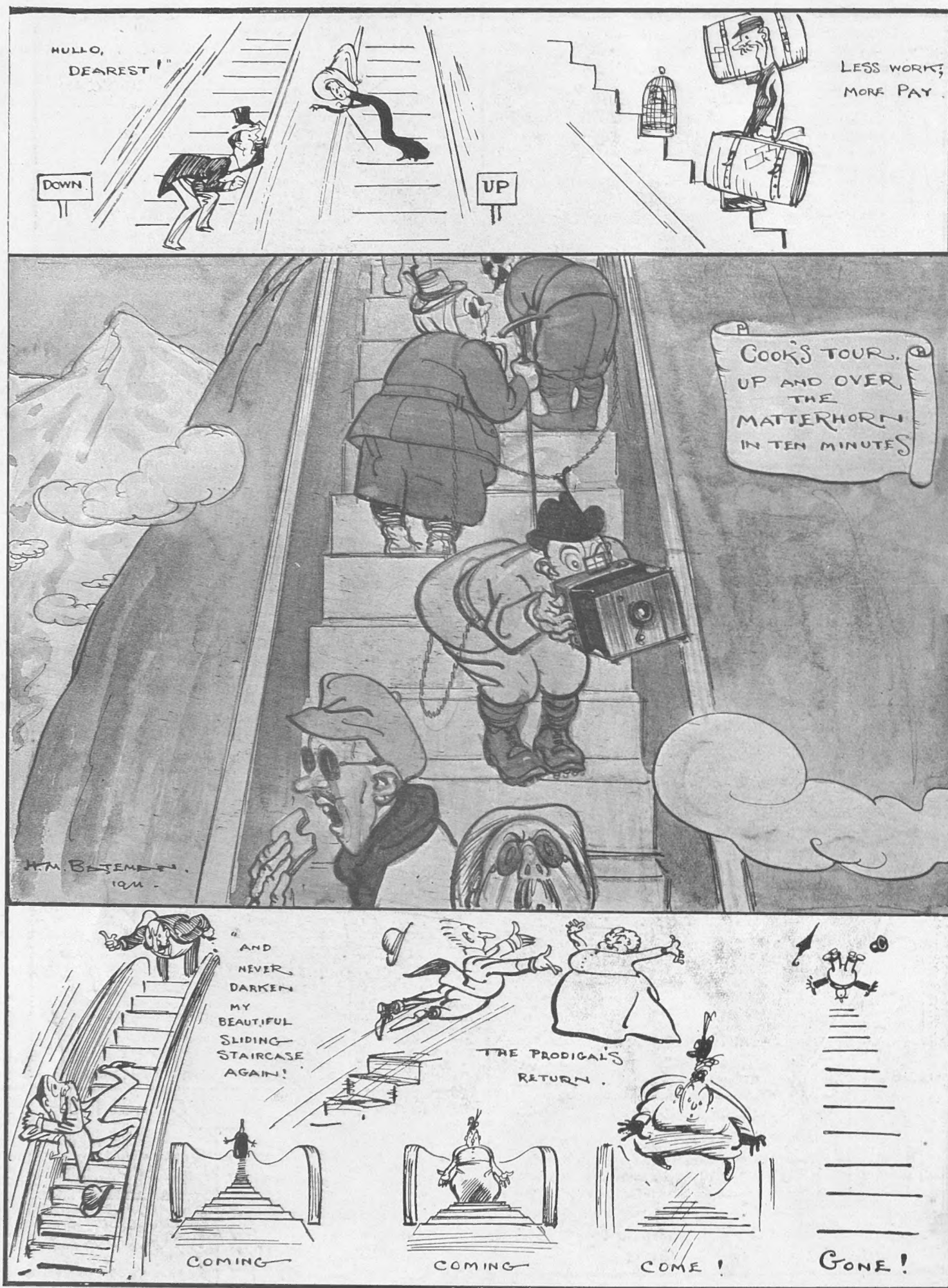
AN EARL'S NIECE "WALKING ON" IN THE GAIETY CHORUS:  
THE PEERAGE GOING TO THE STAGE.



WALKING ON IN "PEGGY": MISS ELEANOR MONTGOMERIE, SECOND DAUGHTER OF LADY SOPHIA MONTGOMERIE,  
DAUGHTER OF THE 14TH EARL OF EGLINTON AND WINTON.

In 1885 Miss Montgomerie's mother married Mr. Samuel Hynman Allenby, who, in 1893, assumed by royal license the surname of Montgomerie instead of his patronymic. Miss Eleanor Montgomerie, who was born in 1889, is the second of her Ladyship's three daughters. She has stated that she has gone on the stage because she wants a definite object in life instead of having nothing to do but amuse herself. She is walking on in "Peggy," at the Gaiety. Thus the old order changeth—the Peerage joins the chorus as well as the chorus joining the Peerage.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

## STAIRCASE WALKS — FOR DAILY USE.



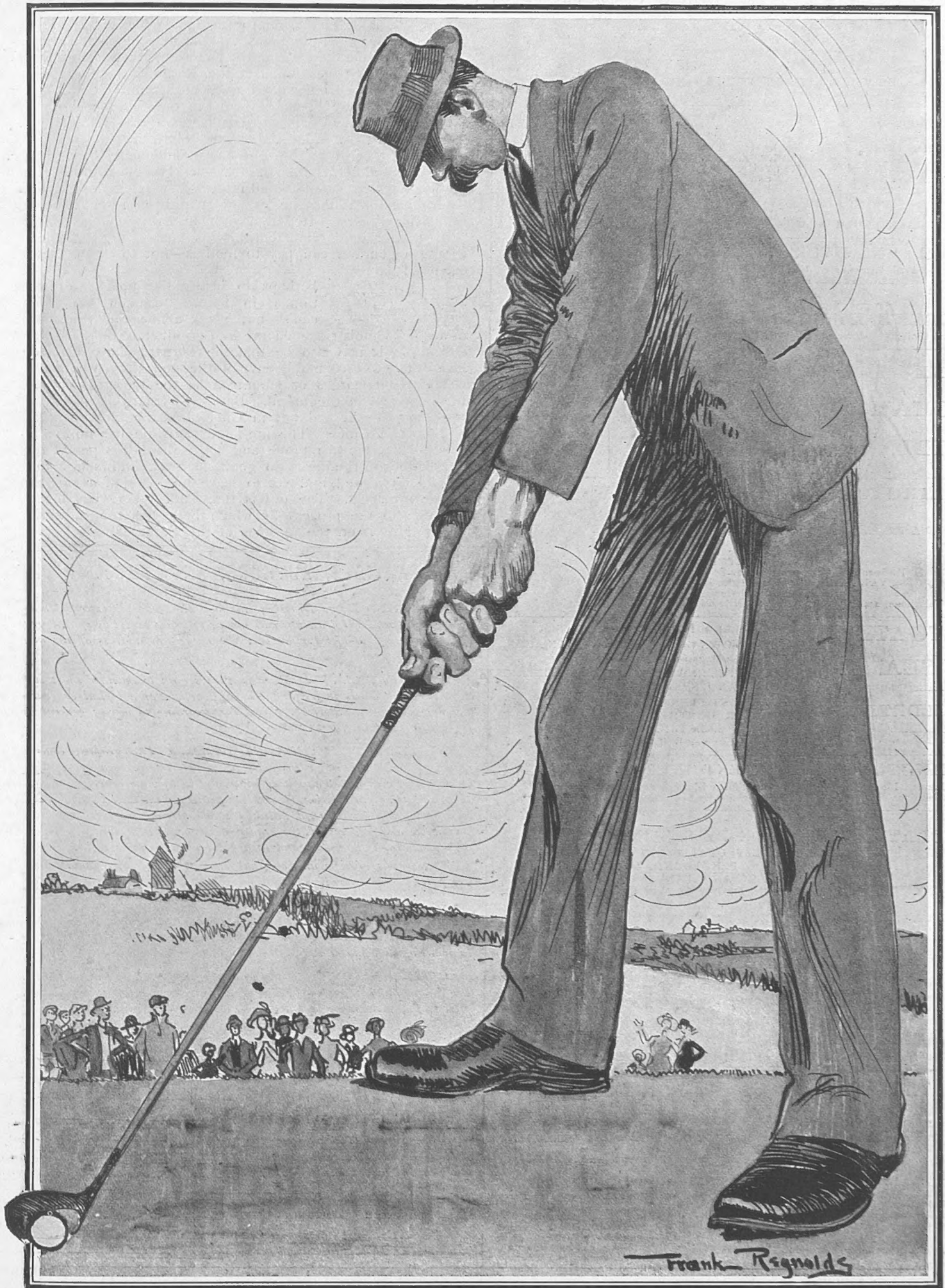
## MOVING SPECTACLES: OUR ARTIST IS INSPIRED BY THE "TRAVELLING STEPS" AT EARL'S COURT STATION.

The Earl's Court "District" Station now boasts two travelling staircases, which connect it with the Piccadilly Tube and can carry 10,800 people each way each hour. Thus London has come into line with New York. The passenger journeying from the Tube to the District steps on to a platform moving at the rate of 90 feet a minute. This platform soon forms itself into stairs, which rise by degrees until a perfect stairway is formed. This travels upwards until the upper level is attained; then the passenger steps off on to a stationary platform. Another staircase moves downwards in similar fashion. Handrails "travel" beside the stairs. Should the passenger wish to progress at a greater speed than that of the staircase, he can climb it or descend it in the ordinary way while it is "going."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## GOLFERS GROTESQUED — BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



## I.—THE GIANT: JAMES BRAID (WALTON HEATH).

"Jimmy" Braid, who has just added another to his many triumphs by winning the "News of the World" £400 Tournament, at the 36th hole, is in every sense a giant of the game. His victories have been so many that much space would be needed to give them in detail. Let it suffice to say that his successes include first in the Open Championship in 1901; second in the Open Championship in 1897, 1902, and 1904; third in 1900; fifth in 1896, 1899, and 1903; seventh in 1898; and ninth in 1894; winner of the "News of the World" Tournament in 1903; the Musselburgh Tournament in 1900 and 1901; played for Scotland v. England in seven years. He was born at Earlsferry, Fife, in 1870.



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 THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND, by ALFRED SUTRO. Mat. Weds. Sats. 2.30.

**EMPIRE.** "NEW YORK," New Ballet, **LYDIA KYASHT,**  
 Fred Farren, etc., **GEO. ROBEY, AERIAL SMITHS,**  
 MR. HYMACK, **NELLA WEBB, Valazzi, etc.**  
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## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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**My Naval Career and Travels.** Admiral  
 Sir E. H. Seymour. 10s. 6d. net.

**LONGMANS.**  
**All Sorts of Stories Book.** Mrs. Lang. 6s.

**METHUEN.**  
**Dan Russel the Fox.** E. C. Somerville and  
 Martin Ross. 6s.

**The Outcry.** Henry James. 6s.

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 Mrs. Charteris. Constance Howell.

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**Behind Turkish Lattices.** Hester Donald-  
 son Jenkins. 6s. net.

**The Bargain Book.** Charles Edward  
 Jerningham and Lewis Bettany. 7s. 6d.  
 net.

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 Hind. 3s. 6d. net.

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 Rolland. 6s.

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**Phantasmagoria.** Lewis Carroll. 1s. net.

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**The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court.** Clare  
 Jerrold. 12s. 6d. net.

**Pilgrims to the Isles of Penance.** 12s. 6d.  
 net.

**ALLEN.**  
**Wooded and Wedded and A.** Rev. J. O.  
 Bevan, M.A., F.S.A. 1s.

## GENERAL NOTES.

### Triumphant Cookery.

The feeding of the politician has become so accustomed a factor in Party management that it is difficult to imagine circumstances in which it has seemed advisable to parade starvation. When strike delegates go for discussion to the Home Office they are fed, and make no bones about doing as well as may be on such fare as can be provided in a hurry from the nearest market. Even the Home Secretary relinquishes lunch at the Ritz that he may join in the plainer fare that is flavoured with the Public Good. Halsbury dinners and Crewe breakfasts are the order of the day. But one Minister not many years ago summoned up a look of hunger for political purposes. The Right Hon. John Burns was wont to claim a fellowship with an out-of-elbows audience. Straight from a square meal at Mr. Hyndman's (says Mr. Hyndman in his Memoirs), the popular hero stood up and informed an unemployed meeting on the Embankment that he had not partaken of "bite or sup" for twenty-four hours. If Mr. Hyndman as host feels just a little nettled, he should remember for his consolation that the greatest tribute a gourmet can pay to food is—not to know that he has eaten it!

### The Wrong Bernard.

Perhaps to justify the poet's word that all things in nature "Linked are, That thou can'st not pluck a flower, Without troubling of a star," October opened fire indiscriminately on Partridges, man and bird. It may also be that the Bernards have had too much luck of late to escape the envy of the gods; for, whether they are accounted monarchs or mountebanks, the Bernards do count—on the stage and in the pulpit. But Mr. Bernard Partridge, who has been partially burned out in Chelsea, is the most peaceable and popular of his race. The fire-fiend apart, he has no foe, although it is his function to reprove and satirise with his pencil the follies and fictions of the day. So good an artist knows how to do that, and to do it well, and yet to leave no pang of a side-thrust, no shiver of disgust. The pity is that Park Lodge has lost a Gainsborough in the process by which Fate has too indiscriminately avenged itself on the fortunes of the Bernards.

## TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

**TO ARTISTS.**—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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# THE CLUBMAN

**Italy in Tripoli.** Italy in Tripoli is not likely to forget the lessons taught her during her campaign against the Abyssinians in Erythrea. In that campaign, unfortunately for her, her troops advanced into the interior, were overwhelmed by the Abyssinians in a rocky pass, and one brigade was almost destroyed. Her near neighbours in Africa, the French, had many unpleasant experiences, some desperate fighting, and some "regrettable incidents" before they subdued the Arabs in Algeria. There were constant risings, murders of the colonists, and fierce attacks on the fortified posts. The Arabs of Tripoli, even should the Turkish troops be withdrawn, are not in the least likely to accept Christian domination until they have been beaten in a series of small religious wars.

## Britain a Mohammedan Power.

An echo of the unrest that any war between a Mohammedan and a Christian power is sure to cause in India has already come over the telegraph wires from the East. The representatives of the Mohammedan religion in India have held a meeting, and have called upon Great Britain, as the over-lord of millions of Mohammedans, to intervene to prevent the dismemberment of the territory ruled over by the head of their religion. Italy thinks that British criticism on her action in Tripoli is unkind and severe, and the Italian newspapers remind our statesmen that they put no difficulties in Great Britain's way when she bombarded Alexandria and sent an army of occupation into Egypt. But Italy forgets that our King is also Emperor of India, and that the Mohammedans in that great empire are amongst the most loyal of the British subjects over whom the Union Jack waves. Great Britain, through the very vastness of her foreign possessions, is continually being faced by such difficulties, which have a foundation in the multitude of religions of her peoples.

## The Days of Italy's Sorrow.

I was in Italy, at Milan, when the news reached the country of the reverses in her campaign against the Abyssinians, and the sight of the sobbing women, praying all day long before the chapels in the great cathedral, and in the other churches, that their near and dear ones might not be amongst the dead or wounded impressed me more with the horror and the sadness of war than any sight I ever saw on active service as a soldier. And I was at Naples when some of the poor maimed fellows who had come back from Erythrea were landed at the port. I was one amongst the thousands of people who in silent sympathy lined the streets through which the poor fellows passed—some carried, some hobbling along—and that, again, was a never-to-be-forgotten sight of sadness. If the Kaiser—who, I believe, sincerely hopes to succeed to our late King's title of "The Peacemaker"—can compose the differences between Italy and Turkey, he will have done a nobler act than the leading of all his legions to some great victory.

**The Deluge of Sand.** Only less destructive than a deluge of water is the deluge of sand, which in the south and the east of the world has swallowed up so much of the land which in old days was fertile. In Egypt modern man is fighting once again the battle of water against sand, which was waged successfully many thousands of years before the Christian era, and with the Nile to

help them the engineers are restoring to the desert its fruitfulness, and incidentally are changing the climate of northern Egypt from that of the hot, dry desert to a cool and rainy one. Cyrenaica, the province which the Italians are prepared to wrest from the Turkish garrisons and the wandering Bedaween who rove the desert, was once a flourishing Greek province. It was in this favoured land that the Garden of the Hesperides was placed, and tradition and the early explorers spoke of its beauties. Now it has become a sandy waste with few wells and few oases, and both the Jews, who sent out a scientific expedition to see if it might make a suitable home for a great Jewish colony, and Professor Norton, the American scientist, say of it that it offers no attractions for settlers. The Professor, with a knowledge of what American energy has done in the desert parts of America, thinks that dry-farming, such as is practised in Arizona, might be possible, but this will hardly be attractive to the Italians, who in their own favoured country

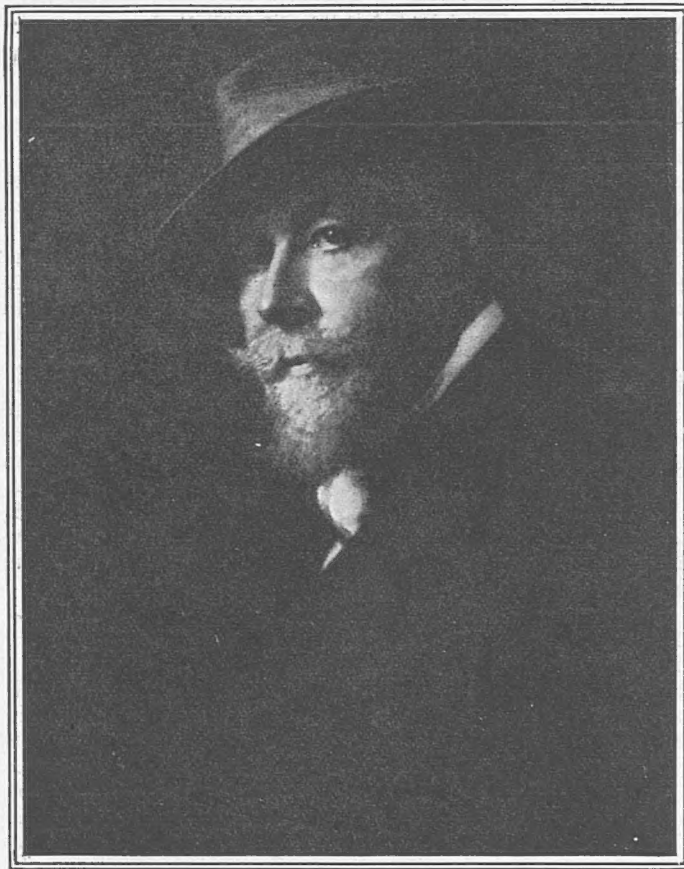
are accustomed to put a twig in the ground and see it become a plant or a tree. There is no Nile in Tripoli to assist the engineers once again to turn the sand into a flower-garden and great stretches of wheat-land.

## Lawns of Cress.

Sir John Hewett and all the Indian officials who are working under him have, in the country round Delhi, to deal this winter with a desert problem on a much smaller scale than Italy will have to face in Tripoli, but as many people will be gathered in the twenty-five square miles about Delhi as inhabit the whole vilayet of Tripoli. The shortage of the monsoon has prevented any grass from growing, and polo will have to be played on ground as bare as a billiard-table. Cricket on cocoanut matting is familiar to all dwellers in the East, but such a substitute for grass it is impossible to find for a polo-field. The lawns of cress which are to be in front of the Imperial camps and the camps of the Viceroy and Lieutenant-Governors and the guests of the Government is an old Eastern expedient to obtain restful green plots to take the place of grass. The gardeners of India are adepts in sowing their cress so that it may be at the right height and colour when the camps are occupied; but it is for show only, and not for use, for anyone walking over a plot of cress would cause irreparable damage.

## Oporto.

Oporto, the scene of the premature rising of the Portuguese Royalists, is a city which has seen an abundance of fighting. In the Peninsular War Soult captured the city, and the flying Portuguese cavalry broke down, by sheer weight of numbers, the bridge over the river, sending thus to their death by water a crowd of unhappy non-combatants who were trying to escape. Wellington recaptured the city on the day of his daring crossing of the Douro, and, with some of his Generals, ate at the Palace the meal which was being cooked for Soult. There was fighting at Oporto in the war between the two brothers who laid claim to the crown, and the convent on the south bank of the river, which is always a military point of vantage, was once more surrounded by palisades and subjected to an assault. If the Monarchists ever make headway in Portugal, Oporto is likely to become a stronghold for King Manoel, for clerical influence is extremely strong in the city of port wine.



DESPATCHED TO REPRESENT THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AT TRIPOLI DURING THE TURCO-ITALIAN WAR: MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS, THE FAMOUS WAR-ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, the famous war-artist and correspondent, left for Tripoli on behalf of the "Illustrated London News" immediately on the outbreak of hostilities. He is representing that paper by no means for the first time in his adventurous career. He was one of its war-artists with the Sirdar's army on its march to Omdurman in 1898; and represented it also with the Australian contingent for the South African War; with the Japanese during the Russo-Japanese War, when he was the only British war artist present at the siege of Port Arthur; and with the Spanish army operating in Morocco two years ago. His other active service includes Serbia, in 1876; with the Russians in Turkey, in 1877, and in the following year in the Broken Square at Tamai, in 1884; in the Khartum Relief Expedition; at the battles of Abu Klea and Gubat, in 1885; with the Servians invading Bulgaria in the following year, and with the Japanese army at the battles of Ping-Yang, and the march on and capture of Port Arthur, in 1894. He was born on April 23, 1852.

Photograph by Walter Mackenzie and Fenwick Cullen.





**L**ORD CURZON, lamenting the loss of works of art from England, last Tuesday at the Grafton spoke with even an added sense of responsibility. For, on that very morning, every newspaper-reader was made aware that the ex-Viceroy had found in Mr. Simon Fraser a comprehending biographer. In Grafton Street, Lord Curzon entered a plea for the man who sells a picture, bought by his great-great-grandfather for £150, for £15,000.

During the agitation against the Duke of Norfolk, when he sold the "Duchess of Milan" to the National Gallery, nobody took the trouble to defend him; now, with no provocation, Lord Curzon says just the right thing about the liberty of the individual, and the justness of profit on a wise speculation. The cynic will wonder whether Lord Curzon himself has canvases for sale, and an American hankering in the background. But the cynic, as often happens, will be wrong, although at Kedleston, as most people and Lord Curzon know, is a picture worth, roughly, £30,000. It cost the family £194 10s. 6d.

**TO MARRY MISS SYLVIA HATHERELL ON THE 10TH: CAPTAIN PERCY MOLLOY.**

Captain Molloy, who is in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, is a son of the late Deputy-Inspector-General Gerald Molloy, R.N.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.*

and an American hankering in the background. But the cynic, as often happens, will be wrong, although at Kedleston, as most people and Lord Curzon know, is a picture worth, roughly, £30,000. It cost the family £194 10s. 6d.

*Living Pictures.* Many of the painters, hermits of Chelsea and St John's Wood, went to the Grafton Gallery Opening Ceremony last week, with the idea that the pictures would be more picturesque than the platform. They had forgotten, perhaps, that the Duke of Connaught is the living likeness of his portrait by Sargent, that Princess Patricia is even more

lovely than Shannon's version of her, and that Sir Edgar Vincent is a lion among men. His great height, his stride, his way of saying nothing, but saying it very well, all these told among men who pay lively attention to externals. Signorelli and Piero di Cosimo, on panel, were almost forgotten when Sir Edgar was on view.

**TO MARRY MR. HENRY STEWART HARDY: MISS OLIVIA ROBERTSON.**

Miss Olivia Robertson is the daughter of Mr. John Graham Robertson, of Westenhanger, Ickham, Canterbury. Mr. Henry Stewart Hardy, who is in the Buffs, is the son of Mr. Charles Stewart Hardy, of Chilham Castle, Canterbury.

*Photograph by Swaine.*

*A Fellow-Feeling.* Although the Home Secretary is the target of every faddist, he has given more than a passing glance at the letters which recommend a recaptured convict to fairly considerate treatment. Why use lock and key and warder unless you expect the prisoner to try to break loose? "Your precautions," say Winston's advisers, "tempt the convict to make an effort, and you



**TO MARRY MR. GUY BONHAM-CARTER ON THE 16TH: MISS KATHLEEN REBECCA ARKWRIGHT.**

Miss Arkwright is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Arkwright, of Willersley Castle, Derbyshire. —[Photo. Val l'Estrange.]



**ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF THE LATE LADY MEUX: MISS GERALDINE BAILLIE.**

Miss Baillie played a part in "Inconstant George," and she understudied the leading lady in that piece, and also Miss Marie Löhr in "Better Not Enquire." —[Photograph by Bassano.]



**TO MARRY MISS KATHLEEN REBECCA ARKWRIGHT: MR. GUY BONHAM-CARTER.**

Mr. Guy Bonham-Carter, who is a Lieutenant in the 19th Hussars, is the second son of the late Mr. Alfred Bonham-Carter, C.B.

*Photograph by Central News*

should not punish him for doing what you expect him to do—for doing the natural and sporting thing; still less should the annoyance, discredit, or hardship his act brings on the warders be made a matter for reprisal or revenge." Mr. Winston Churchill is not inclined to thrust aside with a sneer the common-sense view, which is also the humane one. He has escaped himself, although under circumstances vastly different from those of a Dartmoor dash. On the morning of the news of his getting away from Pretoria, all England breakfasted with a better spirit. Lady Randolph Churchill received the good tidings over the telephone from the office of the *Morning Post*.

"All I could hear," she says in her account, "was 'Hurrah! hurrah!'" repeated by different voices, as, one after another, each member of the staff seized the instrument in the kind wish to congratulate me." Times have changed. The *Morning Post* will never more indulge in hurrahs on account of Winston's freedom. But they will forgive him anything, forgive him the shepherd, even, if he will let a life-prisoner loose—and take his place!

*Taxes and the Taxi.* Miss Clemence Housman's imprisonment (now ended) was difficult to reconcile with all that she and her brothers stand for in literature and art.

Mr. Laurence Housman, author of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" and of several books of high poetry, and Professor A. E. Housman, the immortal "Shropshire Lad," make,

with their sister, herself a writer of real talent, a family group not unlike the more famous one of the Rossettis. Last week's event created, therefore, in certain circles much the same consternation as the arrest of Christina Rossetti would have done in her day. But Miss Housman herself was far from making long faces in the narrow cell of her own choice; and her brother is still smiling at the coincidence of the cab-fare. Miss Housman was taken to jail because she owed four-and-sixpence to the Government, by way of protest. The Government paid the fare of the taxi that took her there—four-and-sixpence!



**TO MARRY CAPTAIN PERCY MOLLOY ON THE 10TH: MISS SYLVIA HATHERELL.**

Miss Sylvia A. A. Hatherell is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hatherell, of Rudford House, near Leamington, Warwickshire.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.*



**TO MARRY MR. TRISTRAM WARRINGTON HAWARD: MISS GLADYS M. HUNTLEY-GORDON.**

Miss Huntley-Gordon is the elder daughter of Mr. Herbert Huntley-Gordon, of Park Close, Englefield Green, Surrey. Mr. Tristram Warrington Haward is the younger son of Mr. J. Warrington Haward, of 57, Green Street, Grosvenor Square.

*Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.*



## ROLLER-SKATING INSTEAD OF ROLLING-MAINING!



"HERE WE GO BOWLING OVER THE ROLLING, OVER THE ROLLING"—RINK: ITALY'S FIGHTING DUKE  
(OF THE ABRUZZI) ENJOYING A PEACEFUL PASTIME.

The Duke of the Abruzzi, as our photograph shows, does not confine his activities to the more heroic and perilous forms of sport, such as peak-climbing, Pole-seeking, and, latterly, Turk-chasing. He is an adept on the light fantastic roller-skate, and is as much at home on the rink as on an Arctic ice-floe, a precipice on Ruwenzori, or the deck of his ship. As a Captain in the Italian Navy he was put in command of a torpedo-boat flotilla in the Adriatic on the outbreak of the Turco-Italian War, and provided some of the very few naval incidents of its opening stages. In this photograph he has exchanged the rolling main for the rolling rink.





By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.



MR. NEIL FORSYTH has selected forty nice white geese, with good figures, to appear in grand opera. We Twencents have fallen off terribly in chivalry and politeness. In the Mid-Victorian era opera-goers are said to have called them little ducks.

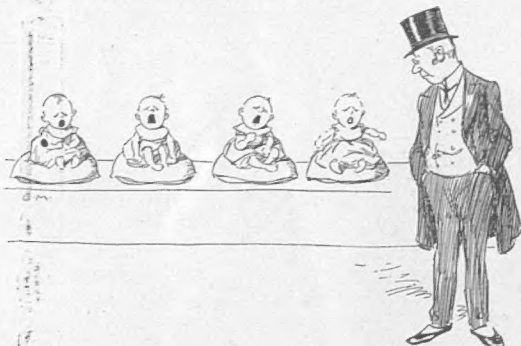
Covent Garden is also said to be contemplating the appearance of a blue-eyed gander that can waltz. The step which this gander affects is, of course, the goose-step.

And talking of waltzing, it is stated that the idea of the "No Clasp Waltz" came to Oscar Regine quite naturally. No surgical operation was needed to get it into his head.

Girl typists in the service of the L.C.C. have to know how to treat a child with croup. This is to enable them to apply first aid to a typewriter with the pip.

Experiments just concluded show that a typist using a typewriter for two hours consumes sufficient energy to boil twenty gallons of iced water. This is splendid. All the typist has to do is to put the kettle on the top of her typewriter, and she will be able to make tea in about five minutes, if she does not upset the kettle with some of the energy.

"In these sort of Eskimo huts on his forehead are the seeds from which possibly Reciprocity sprang," says a descriptive writer, speaking of "certain shadows thrown on President Taft's forehead by visible bumps, not caused by playing golf." If it was not Mr. Roosevelt's brassey which raised these appalling structures on the President's brow, it must have been Dr. Cook's discovery of the North Pole.



THE IDEAL BABY.

(One of the doctors who acted as a judge at the Crystal Palace Baby Show has been giving an account of the "points" of the ideal baby.)

What are the points that a baby should qualify  
All other brats in a show to surpass?  
What the hard hearts of the judges can mollify,  
With the result that he's first in his class?

Babes must be perfect in body, and mentally  
Keen, of precocity showing no trace;  
Strong in the bone, and immaculate dentally,  
Pink of complexion and rosy of face.

Yes, my dear doctors, all these are respectable  
Factors in babies, I haven't a doubt;  
But you've forgotten a far more delectable  
One, which no prize should be given without.  
Babies inspire me with guarded hostility,  
But there's one baby that's better than all,  
And that is the child with a marked inability  
To bawl or to bellow, to squeak or to squall.

Mr. Plowden says that in certain circles a wife is rather proud of the first black eye her husband gives her. It is a little something extra on the

goods with which she is endowed in the marriage service.

That old Peace Palace at The Hague does not seem to be of much use. It would make a capital Cinematograph Palace for all the latest war-films.

Rev. Meyer is not the only person who objects to knock-down blows. When the super-Dreadnought, H.M.S. *Orion*, fired all her big guns at once, the treacle-tins in

the stores burst by way of protest.

Massa Johnson has a fine career before him as a barrister now that he has given up boxing. What judge could resist being addressed as "Your Majesty"?

Bacon is dearer, butter is dearer, and milk is dearer. These things can be borne; but if the wholesale price of otto-of-roses is to go up to three-halfpence a drop, how in the world are we to practise the beauty

cult which is being forced upon us by some of our advisers in the Daily Press?

"After all, a constable is a man, though he does wear a blue coat with silver buttons," said the West-London magistrate. Theoretically he is; but in practice he is a bigger man than the Kaiser, especially on his own beat.

"Iniquitous, but good law," said Dr. Waldo at an inquest. And yet there are still some people



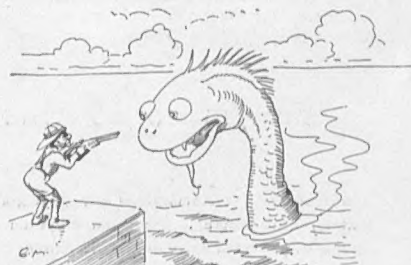
CHILL OCTOBER.

(The cold weather with which October began was in striking contrast to the record hot weather at the beginning of September.)

Here is Chill October,  
Winter has begun,  
Clouds in serried masses  
Cover up the sun;  
Bitter blows the north wind  
Presaging the snow,  
Yet we stewed at eighty  
Just a month ago.  
Yes, we cut the record  
Just a month ago.

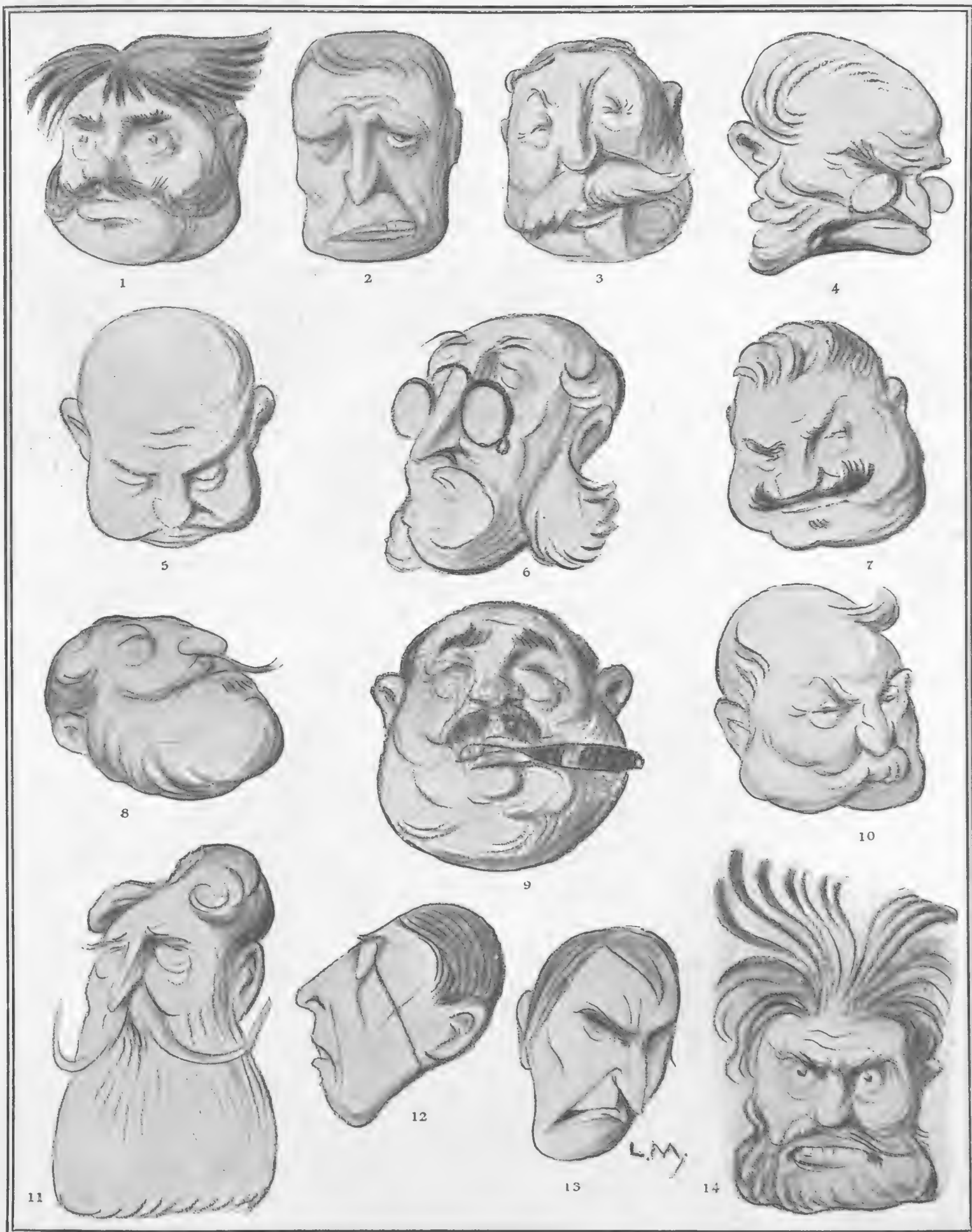
This is when our fathers  
Brewed their strongest ale,  
Dumped the slaughtered piglet  
In the salting-pail.  
We imbibe hot water,  
Rollick on quinine,  
Regulate our diet  
Strictly by hygiene.  
Yes, we rule our diet  
Strictly by hygiene.

The sea-serpent which caused a high tide in the Medway a few days ago is said to have had bulging green eyes and an impenetrable skin. After this we can await the approach of winter with philosophy.





LADIES, DO YOU KNOW MEN? DEFINE THEIR DEFECTS.



WHAT IS THE CHIEF FAULT OF THE OWNER OF EACH OF THESE FACES? AN AMUSING COMPETITION.

Our French contemporary "Fémina" publishes the drawings here reproduced, and asks its fair readers to state the particular fault apparent in each character. Later, it will announce the result of the competition. This we shall print for the benefit of our readers, who meantime may exercise their own ingenuity.





BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

**"The Spring Maid."**

The five authors of "The Spring Maid," at the Whitney Theatre (two German, two American, and one English), have been singularly sparing of anything like humour; but that is a common complaint. Their story—a Princess takes the place of the chief attendant at the Carlsbad springs in order to conquer a Prince famous for his dislike of any ladies not of humble birth—is also singularly lacking in invention: that, too, is a common complaint. And this would not matter if the story were told with any freshness or charm. Unfortunately, it is not. Still, there is a waltz, for the composer, Herr Reinhardt, has not forgotten that important ingredient; it has a melodious swing in it and may prove popular. It flavours the whole play. Miss Marise Fairy sings it and dances it and sings it again: and she has a pleasant voice and a pretty way of speaking English with a French accent. Mr. Courtice Pounds has one capital song—an irrelevant interpolation, but otherwise is a good man struggling with adversity; while the other humourists also struggle; and the schemes of decoration presented by the play are not of the kind which musical comedies at other theatres have trained us to expect.



LEADING LADY IN "THE SPRING MAID," AT WHITNEY'S, MISS MARISE FAIRY, WHO IS APPEARING AS PRINCESS BOZENA.

**A Triple Bill.** The matinées at the Little Theatre give us again Mr. Barrie's masterpiece in miniature "The Twelve-Pound Look," played perfectly by Miss Lillah McCarthy, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and Miss Cicely Hamilton; and "The Twelve-Pound Look" is one of the things which nobody can afford to miss. Mr. Barker's "Rococo," too, is an amusing example of the domestic farce; and though it is not exactly what one expects from the distinguished author, it has originality and a touch of skilful characterisation to recommend it. Almost as a matter of course it is brilliantly played: Mr. Nigel Playfair, Miss Agnes Thomas, and Miss Carlotta Addison can always be trusted to see to that. As for Meredith's unfinished fragment, "The Sentimentalists," there is an Early Victorian air about it which is very charming, even though one may be puzzled as to some of its meaning; and it has much dainty, quaint humour. Its delicate literary flavour loses something in the theatre; but the players and the scenery are severely and artistically beautiful, and Miss McCarthy, looking as picturesque as ever, plays in exactly the right spirit of gentle, humorous parody.

**The Whole of.** It cannot fairly be said that "Sumurun," at the Savoy, fulfils the expectations of those who, having enjoyed the collection of excerpts given at the Coliseum, imagined that the work presented as a whole would be much better. The additional matter is disappointing—no little of it is mere comicality of a clumsy character. Moreover, the transfer to a

smaller stage has robbed the production of much of its glamour—indeed, a good deal of what was mysterious and picturesque in the big house is obvious and crude at the Savoy. More of an affair becomes less of a strange spectacle in action and more of a violent, somewhat repulsive, drama of an unconvincing character. Even some of the acting lost its force, for the Hunchback of Herr Herzfeld, which formerly appeared to be a very powerful, ingenious performance, now seems rather mechanical; whilst the long-drawn-out scenes in which he is supposed to be inanimate were injured by our being easily able to see abundant signs that he was alive—I had almost said, "and kicking." Nevertheless, the work is quite picturesque and interesting. Herr Lotz still plays the chief lover with charming sincerity. The great triumph is to the ladies, and Fräulein Konstantin, Fräulein Von Derp, and Fräulein Müller make a remarkable trio extremely unlike in style and personality, but all charming and clever; it would be a very difficult task legitimately to award the apple amongst them, and I will not essay it.

**"The Love Mills."** In the columns of a daily paper I have seen a handsome collection of "elegant extracts" from criticisms upon the new comic opera at the Globe, and in face of them hope no one will be offended if I venture to suggest that "The Love Mills" is a thing of little merit. It is called in one extract "a genuine comic opera," to distinguish it, no doubt, from musical comedy, and I suppose it is comic opera, because the authors never quite abandon the sort of plot introduced at the end of the first act. One could not have blamed them severely if they had abandoned it, for though the story of the husband who executed before the deputy mayor a formal license to all and sundry to make love to his pretty wife, when handled with Continental freedom, may have led to funny scenes, it is a poor vehicle for humours suitable to our stage. In one respect the work did remind me of the genuine comic operas of my youth, for the lyrics showed quaintly how difficult Mr. Stiles had found the task of writing to music already composed. Alas! where are the lively tunes of the earlier comic-opera writers: they had far less science than their successors, but their tunes—"melodies"—would be a flattering term—had a flavour of spontaneity very rare nowadays, when, as a rule, every air seems to have been pumped up with much labour in little bits from an infertile brain. Certainly, though tuneful and sometimes rather "catchy," the music of Mr. A. Van Oost had none of the freshness or ease for which one longs. And the performance?

Not remarkable. A newcomer, Miss Nan Stuart, sang well; and Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, with a poor part, was rather comic; and so, too, Miss Violet Gould, who had very little to do.



ANOTHER VIENNESE "WALTZ PLAY": MR. COURTICE POUNDS AS PRINCE NEPOMUK, DISGUISED AS HIS DAUGHTER'S AUNT, AND MISS JULIA JAMES AS ANNAMIRL.

Mr. Courtice Pounds, always excellent, makes an especial "hit" in the piece with the "haw-haw" song, "My Word," by Guy Eden and F. C. Sterndale Bennett.—[Photograph by C.N.]



SPORT KING MANOEL LEFT HURRIEDLY—BUT NOT FOR PORTUGAL:  
HIS MAJESTY AT LOWTHER CASTLE.



1. HURRIED MAJESTY: KING MANOEL SHOOTING AT LOWTHER CASTLE.

2. IMPERTURBABLE HOST: LORD LONSDALE, KING MANOEL'S POPULAR HOST.

King Manoel brought his visit to Lowther Castle to a hurried, unexpected end last week, and set out for London by the midnight train. No official reasons for this haste were given, but it was very naturally assumed that it had more than a little to do with the report of Royalist successes in Portugal. King Manoel himself, however, has stated that his return to town had no connection with affairs in Portugal, of which he and his *entourage* have no knowledge beyond what they read in the papers. The reports of events in Portugal have been very conflicting.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.]



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THAT there is no little gratification in holding an ancient office is evident from the close contests before the Court of Claims a few years ago. But a new office is gratifying, too; and the Earl of Durham is slow to conceal his pleasure in being first "Lord High Steward to the King." Two years ago he was created a Knight of the Garter; but the only unique feature of that distinction was this—he was the first twin to be thus honoured. From his birth he has been decorated. In his childhood, it is said that he was distinguished from his brother Frederick by a blue ribbon, which threw *Punch* into a state of great alarm. A ribbon, like a Garter, may be tied on the wrong arm; "tattoo the heir to Earldom, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor; that is the only way," was the suggestion.



HEROINE OF GEORGE MEREDITH'S "THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS": THE LATE HÉLÈNE VON RACOWITZA.

The beautiful Hélène von Dönniges was betrothed to Janco von Racowitza and infatuated with Ferdinand Lassalle. Lassalle challenged Racowitza, who shot him dead when they met in Geneva on Aug. 28, 1864. Later, Hélène von Dönniges married Racowitza, who died five months afterwards. Her other husbands were Siegwart Friedmann, her wedding with whom was dissolved after five years; and Baron Schewitsch, whom she met when acting in the United States. The Baron died a few days ago; and the "beautiful Hélène" took poison soon afterwards. Her love affair with Lassalle gave George Meredith the theme for his "Tragic Comedians." Our portrait of Hélène von Racowitza is reproduced from the photogravure portrait-frontispiece of the Princess's recently issued autobiography, by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co. The book is published at the price of six shillings.

The Duke of Connaught takes his departure to the sound of bands and compliments, and will arrive in Canada to the sound of compliments and bands. That is as it should be; but nobody can know his Royal Highness for more than an afternoon without realising that such things pall. He is not alone among his kind to prefer the talk of men to the talk of courtiers. Of his brother, the late Duke of Edinburgh, a similar tale has just been told. A Socialist leader who met the Duke in Melbourne was informed that he was better liked than the rest of the company. "It's because you talk to me," explained the Duke, "just as if I were the same as anybody else,



ENGAGED TO MR. LIONEL GRAHAM-HARRIS, OF BUENOS AYRES: MISS GRACE CASSELS.

Miss Cassels is the daughter of Mr. W. R. Cassels, of York House, Palace Gardens, Kensington.—[Photograph by Amy Cassels.]



AN EXCELLENT AMATEUR ACTRESS: MRS. ALSTON.

Mrs. Alston, a niece of that well-known sportsman, the late Sir John Astley, arranged to appear with Mrs. William James in "Penelope," at Edinburgh, Ealing, and Portsmouth—for charities, the Ealing Hospital and the League of Mercy.—[Photograph by Lottie Charles.]



GUEST AND HOST: KING MANOEL AND LORD LONSDALE AT LOWTHER CASTLE.

(See Illustrations on another page.) Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

and when you don't agree with me you tell me so plainly. It is nothing short of an infernal nuisance for people to say to me what they think I want them to say. It bores me to death. I've come out here to see things and to learn men's opinions, and it is a reflection upon my intelligence to suppose that I cannot bear anyone to differ from me." Canadian papers, please copy.

*In Waiting.* His Majesty's latest Lord-in-Waiting, Lord Allendale, is fifty, a Liberal, and lives in Piccadilly. It is the opinion of many of his friends that he is on the wrong side—not of Piccadilly, but in politics.

He married into a stronghold of Conservatism, Lady Allendale being a sister of Lord Londonderry; and his enormous wealth is quite uncharacteristic of his party. The late Lord Allendale left over three millions. With Canning for an ancestor, it was almost inevitable that Lord Allendale should try the chances of Parliament; as Mr. Wentworth Blackett Beaumont, he sat in the Commons for the Hexham Division of Northumberland. The peers, if not the prestige, of Piccadilly are, by the way, fast dwindling. A hundred years ago, five Dukes at least fitted quite comfortably into that thoroughfare among a host of Earls. Now an allowance of two is thought quite handsome.



WIFE OF THE FAMOUS MILLIONAIRE, PEACE ADVOCATOR, AND PROVIDER OF LIBRARIES: MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

## A Driver of the Quill.

Mr. Edmund Gosse is probably at the moment enlivening the dinner-table of a Lonsdale or a Londonderry, for since his occupation of the Librarian's chair in the House of Lords he cannot so easily, as was his wont, fly off on holiday to other shores. In the *Cornhill*, however, he is telling month by month of his progress through Denmark in 1872. His adventures seem mainly to have consisted in being patted on the back by the authors and musicians he most admired. His prowess in foreign tongues made him the hero of the circles wherein he moved; but he does not tell us of the English he encountered. If there is one thorn in Mr. Gosse's side it is the carelessness of strangers in handling and mouthing his name. Even in England he suffers: the *Daily Telegraph* announced last week that Mr. Edmund Goose contributes to the October *Cornhill*. Sydney Smith used to say that to be rich but to be thought poor was the height of social good fortune; and perhaps to be written down a goose, but to be in fact a paragon of wisdom, is nearly as enviable a fate.



FATAL ENCHANTMENT AND WHITE - FACED LOVE.



THE DANCER AND THE HUNCHBACK; FRÄULEIN LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN IN "SÛMÛRUN,"  
WHICH IS BEING GIVEN IN FULL AT THE SAVOY.

"Sûmûrun" is now being played in full at the Savoy. As before, Fräulein Leopoldine Konstantin is appearing as "the beautiful slave of fatal enchantment," and Fräulein Clothilde von Derp as Sûmûrun, principal wife of the Sheik. The Hunchback who loves the Slave is played by Herr Herzfeld. Some four hundred thousand people witnessed the condensed version of the wordless play at the Coliseum.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]



THE time is now approaching when Mr. Hammerstein will challenge the public verdict, and the list of operas he has selected includes many works that this generation has seldom or never heard and regards as hopelessly out of date and old-fashioned. "Le Prophète," "William Tell," "Norma," "Trovatore," "La Favorita"—what is there in these to arouse enthusiasm, even though we accept the "Ballo in Maschera," "Traviata," "Les Huguenots," "Werther," and "Lakmé"? There are two suggestions that occurred to me.

Either the experienced impresario does not know his business, or there is something to be said for the old favourites over which our fathers and grandfathers waxed enthusiastic. The first suggestion cannot be accepted readily; Mr. Hammerstein has had many opportunities of gauging the public taste, and it would have been as easy for him to devote his programme to modern works as it is to draw upon the old ones—easier perhaps, because most of the operas named above call for a style of singing that has few exponents to-day. It seemed advisable, then, to consider the other alternative and to turn to shelves upon which the scores of the old operas had been lying undisturbed for years.

Frankly, the little tour of inspection provided something akin to a revelation: one had forgotten the wealth of pure melodic beauty that these old scores enshrine. There is not one among them that cannot, in aria, duet, choruses, and concerted finales afford such a revelation for those by whom the music will be heard for the first time. Further consideration suggested a reason for the neglect into which these operas have fallen. To the writer it appears that they have declined on account of the "star" system. It has sufficed a management to have singers who can do justice to the roles of John of Leyden, Bertha, and Zacarie in "Le Prophète," to the roles of Mathilde, Tell, and Arnold in "William Tell," to those of Norma, Polliane, and Adalgisa in Bellini's opera. A good Fernando and Leonora have sufficed for "La Favorita," and a good Count di Luna, Manrico, Leonora and Azucena for "Trovatore." The smaller parts in these and other operas have been neglected, and the chorus-singers have been in many cases little more than a rabble of uneducated Italians in grotesque, ill-fitting clothes, who have gabbled their parts with one eye for the house and another for the conductor's bâton.

There is no suggestion intended here that Meyerbeer, Rossini, Bellini, the early Verdi, and Donizetti are composers whose works

are destined permanently to recover the lost ground, but it may be claimed that very many years have passed since the operas enumerated above were given in fashion calculated to do justice to the composer's intentions. They have been badly mounted, vilely dressed; the gifts of a great soprano and tenor have been supposed to reach beyond the leading rôles and to cover a multitude of sins of omission and commission.

Many of the old composers—notably Donizetti, Bellini, Meyerbeer, and Rossini—relied for some of their best effects upon the big concerted numbers in which everyone who takes part must have an intelligent conception of the work undertaken and must enter into the spirit of the scene. But London has seen no fine ensembles on the rare occasions when the old operas have been presented; the company engaged, no matter where, has had, at best, a very big head and a very long tail. Modern composers, recognising, perhaps, the difficulties that did not exist long years ago, have drifted away from the chorus, have in many cases dispensed with it altogether. In making deliberate choice of operas that must fail if the big concerted numbers are ineffective, and choristers look like the riff-raff of a cheap fancy-dress ball, it may be supposed that Mr. Hammerstein has recognised his responsibilities, and that he will people his stage with men and women who can do justice to small parts, and can contrive to stand within the picture. If this conjecture be correct—and it is at least a reasonable one—he will be able to claim that in presenting "William Tell," "Norma," "La Favorita," and the rest he is supplying London with

novelties, and reviving some of the most famous arias and concerted numbers written in the nineteenth century. It is clear already that he is not relying upon the star system—his singers have still

to win their way to the favour of London; the burden of performing rights will fall very lightly upon him, and on this account he should be able to devote to the ensemble an attention and an expenditure it has not received for very many years. He will appeal to the public's innate love of melody, a love for which many of our modern composers, so intent upon their complicated settings of tales of blood and lust, have tended to overlook.

Moreover, Mr. Hammerstein will appeal to the sentiment of the middle-aged and the elderly, who would like to go and hear the old operas because of the memories they evoke. Even those who go to scoff may remain to applaud if these old operas are given in accordance with the composers' intentions.



A LEADING CONTRALTO FOR THE NEW LONDON OPERA HOUSE: Mlle. MARGARITA D'ALVAREZ (IN "DON QUICHOTTE").

Mlle. Margarita D'Alvarez will be heard in England for the first time when she appears at the London Opera House, and Mr. Oscar Hammerstein believes that she will prove herself a star of the first magnitude. She has met with much success on the Continent and in New York.

Photograph by Noreen Kirby, Liverpool.



RETURNED WITH MANY GIFTS: MME. ADA CROSSLEY WITH SOME OF THE TROPHIES PRESENTED TO HER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mme. Ada Crossley, the famous contralto, has just returned from a most successful tour in South Africa, bringing back with her some very interesting trophies presented to her during her journeyings, notably fine specimens of Koodoo horns.

Photograph by L.N.I.



*A Garden Guide : Horticultural Hints.*



II.—GRAFTING A POPLAR ON TO A SPANISH ONION.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

*The Poetic Dog! No. X.—The Toy Poodle.*

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAUD EARL.



BUT WHAT IS THIS OF SEA OR LAND,  
FEMALE OF SEX IT SEEMS, THAT IS  
BEDECKED, ORNATE, AND GAY?—MILTON.



DIED OCTOBER 11<sup>TH</sup> — OF EARLY PIETY.



THE NEWLY MARRIED WIFE (*to her husband*): Oh, John, it's too dreadful that the very first pie I make for you should be eaten by the cat.

THE HUSBAND (*sympathetically*): Never mind, dear, don't cry. I'll soon get you another cat!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## THE TURKISH WOMAN: THE BABY AND THE GROWN-UP.\*

"IF a succession of girls is born to a family," says Miss Jenkins, writing of Turkish life, "one of them will be dressed as a boy, partly as a sentimental satisfaction, and partly to cajole fate into sending them a boy." So, as in other Eastern countries, woman in Turkey may begin her life, as she may end it, under a cloud. As a baby, of course, she is "the same marvel as in the Western world." As a child she goes to school as do her Western sisters, yet how differently! At five or six a mosque school claims her, the *hodja* fetches her, begins to teach her her Elif, beh, peh, three Rs, a little geography, and the reading of the Koran in Arabic. Later she progresses, perhaps, to the Sultan Ahmed School, and her learning begins to include grammar, Persian, some history of her country, and embroidery; or she may have a governess to herself, or several. Then she has freedom, comparatively. "She may go about with *Baba*; she has . . . range of both the *harem*, where *Ana* lives, and the other part of the house, the *selamlık*, where *Baba* lives. And she is free to run bare-headed in the fields, lifting her little face to the sunshine." Afterwards comes a change: "*Ana* looks at her and says she is growing big; she must put on a *charshaf*. Oh, how she hates it! The *charshaf* is a silk cloak, coming to her ankles and reaching up over her head, hiding her hair. . . . Dropping from the *charshaf* over her face is a horrid thick veil, through which the world looks dark. . . . Her life is henceforth in the *harem*, and she will never speak to another man except her father and her brother, and, when she marries, her husband." She is fettered. Even her marriage is arranged for her, and she does not look into the eyes of her betrothed until he lifts her wedding-veil from her face.

As a bride, possibly of fifteen, she must be stared at by all and sundry for many hours. Whether she be one of two, or three, or four wives depends upon the precise degree of modernity favoured by her husband—and his wealth. Plural marriages are not as usual as they were: "The Koranic Law allows every man to have four wives if he desires, but on the condition that he treat the four in exactly the same fashion, giving to each as much as he does to any one of the others. This used to be an easy condition in the days when a woman lived the simple life and had no possessions but silk and jewels. If then one wife had a beautiful turquoise ring, it was easy to give turquoise rings to the other wives; if a *chelebi* (master of the house) purchased a rich Brusa silk for one, he could afford to purchase handsome silks for all. But conditions have changed; women have higher standards of living, and it costs much more to keep a wife in Constantinople than formerly; moreover, a husband is legally bound to support a wife according to her station. If nowadays a man has four wives with European tastes he must be very rich to gratify them. He may be able to buy one grand piano, but hardly four; he may engage an expensive governess for one wife, but cannot support several governesses. So there are

economic reasons why a Turkish gentleman should take to himself fewer wives than in the past. . . . Another reason for the decrease in the number of wives, in the coast cities at least, is the gradual turning of public sentiment away from polygamy. The Turks have seen how the Europeans regard plural marriages, and they begin to be ashamed of them." Wed, she has her rights: she need not wait on her husband—"no lady in the capital does that—but neither will he wait on her, unless he is very exceptional. . . . She has legal control of her property. . . . The children belong to their mother, and after her death, to her nearest female relative. . . . Her one recourse in case of severe oppression is divorce; that is, legally, very easy, but unless a father

or another husband be waiting to take her, she cannot divorce her husband, for a young Turkish woman is not fitted by her training, nor permitted by public sentiment, to live alone. . . . The restrictions of a Turkish woman depend very much on the liberality or illiberality of her husband. If he be very strict in his ideas, he will order her to make her *charshaf* come down well over her hands, and her veil very thick. He will see to it that she never goes out unattended, he may even keep a eunuch to attend her, and he will never let a man look on her face. He will keep her closely in the house and all her windows latticed." Thus she will pass a most sedentary existence, and grow fat and shapeless, doing no housework, for she will have plenty of servants; her sole amusement "sitting." "The Turkish verb *to sit* is constantly used where we should say *stay* or *live* or *visit*. For instance, to the question, 'Where are you living?' one gets the response, 'I am sitting in Stamboul, . . . and this is literally true. All Oriental women occupy an enormous proportion of their time sitting.'

"There are a few theatres exclusively for women. Also, there are a few theatres with a partition down the middle of the auditorium dividing the men from the women." The Turkish woman may enjoy, too, the privilege of bazaar-going; visiting the bath, a social

"occasion"; visiting a mosque reserved for her sex; be a mystic seeking comfort from certain Dervishes; or a kind of King's Messenger—"When the Young Turk party was well organised, women served to carry their dangerous messages and papers from one *harem* to another, for a Moslem woman is never searched."

Thus it is under the old order of things. With the new, there are many and wide differences. Education is better, and lasts longer, even ending in a B.A.; there are fewer restrictions on dress and movement; the pretty fool is no longer the only favoured type; the veil is thinner and more easily lifted; the *charshaf* has become a stylish garment—clothes generally tend towards the European; the Turkish woman, in fact, is being permitted to grow up! In the royal palace there are women officials—though this is not new—a Lady of the Treasury, a Keeper of the Seal, a Private Secretary, a Mistress of the Robes, a Lady Water-Pourer, a Lady Coffee-Server, a Lady Pipe-Keeper, a Lady Chaplain, a Mistress of the *Sherbets*, and others.



WRITER OF A MOST DISCUSSED NOVEL, MME. KARIN MICHAELIS,  
AUTHOR OF "THE DANGEROUS AGE."

Photograph by Julie Laurberg and Gad, Reproduced by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. John Lane.

\* "Behind Turkish Lattices." By Hester Donaldson Jenkins. With Twenty-four Illustrations. (Chatto and Windus, 6s. net.)



DAY DREAMS !



DENIS: And phwy are yer not working, Pat?

PAT: Faith, an' Oi was just thinkin' phwat a foine counthry it ud be  
if Sathurday noight came around as often as Monday morning.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## MAN, THE MASTER.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

"I WILL not," said the girl.

The young man eyed her in consternation. "My word," he said, "there will be a row! I wouldn't be in your shoes for something."

The girl regarded him in amazement. "My shoes?" she repeated blankly. "What do you mean?"

"Why, your mother. I expect she'll have quite a lot to say about this. She told me you'd simply jump at me—at least, I don't mean that exactly, but she seemed pretty keen on the idea."

"I don't care—she can say what she likes. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth." She eyed him scornfully. "There's nothing to snigger at in that silly way—I wouldn't."

"It was the idea of my being the only remnant at the bargain-counter made me laugh," he explained apologetically, "not what you said. What's the objection to marrying me?"

"Because I despise you."

"I say, that's a pretty straight left of yours. 'Despise' is a bit thick, you know. Hang it all, I've never done anything to have 'despised' saved up for me, and you can't say I have."

"That's the very reason I do despise you. Because you never have done anything."

"How do you mean—never done anything?"

"What I say. You're an inefficient slacker."

"Do you mean because we lost the tennis tournament yesterday? It was you let us down."

"Of course, put it down to your partner. Besides, I don't mean the tournament. You're keen enough on games and silly things like that. I mean in *real* things."

"What d'you call real? Being a World's Worker, Empire-building, and that sort of rot?"

"Yes, that's what I do mean."

"Well, you can't expect me to go in for 'Empire'-building: you know I've got shares in the opposition circuit."

"I don't want to hear your stupid music-hall jokes. That's all you are interested in—music-halls and things like that."

"I say," he protested in injured tones, "be fair. Didn't I go twice with you to those what-d'you-call-its at the thingum-me-bob?"

"I suppose you mean the Répertoire Theatre. That's nothing—that's only amusement."

"Oh, by Jove! Amusement!"

"Look at Mr. Powell, for example. He doesn't idle his life away. He's doing something."

"He'll be catching something, too, if he's not jolly careful—there are some pretty infectious things down those slums. Besides, what good does he do? The poor've got quite enough to worry 'em without his fooling about. He's a bore and a prig!"

"I don't say he's not; but he's respected, anyhow, which is more than you are."

"How do you mean I'm not respected? I'm a pretty popular chap, if you ask me!"

"You know enough people—smack-backers, that's all they are—but they don't respect you. Why, everybody calls you 'Tommie.'"

"Whose fault's that? I didn't give myself that name."

"No; but if you were a different sort of man, they wouldn't smack your back, and they wouldn't call you that. It's so horribly infantile."

"D'you mean I ought to be called 'Thomas? No, thank you."

"Everybody calls Mr. Powell *Mister*."

"Well, rather—a solemn rotter like that!"

"It shows they respect him, anyhow. He takes himself seriously, and so does everybody else. You—why, you're simply flabby! Be quiet, Tommie; I don't want to feel your stupid muscles. Don't be so vulgar. I like a man to be manly. You never have any opinions of your own: you let everybody twist you round their little fingers. You're not a tiny bit masterful."

"Once aboard the lugger business, d'you mean? Well, I can be masterful enough if there's any occasion."

"You! With a chin like that! It's like a girl's—and you've a dimple in it, too."

The young man sighed despairingly. "I can't help having a dimple—it's really more a scar than a dimple. Besides, even if I were a beetle-browed scowler, you'd want something different."

"No, I shouldn't. I've made up my mind. The man I shall marry will be capable of picking me up in his arms and running away with me."

"H'm," said the young man, eyeing her considerably, "it'd want a bit of doing. Still, I don't mind having a shot at it if you're keen. How far have I got to run?"

"Idiot!" cried the girl, retreating before his outstretched arms. "I'll box your ears if you dare."

"There you are," he grumbled. "Isn't that just what I've been saying? You don't know what you do want. How d'you expect me to run about with you if you won't let me get a fair hold?"

Still slightly breathless from her incipient alarm, the girl, from behind the shelter of a chair, regarded him doubtfully.

"What would you do if I did box your ears?" she demanded.

"How d'you mean—if I'd picked you up? Put you down again, of course. Your hand mayn't be very big, but it's good and flat."

The girl looked disappointed. "You—you wouldn't even have shaken me?"

"Lord, no; why, I've not shaken anything bigger than a bottle of sauce for years. Mean to say you'd like me to?"

"I'd never speak to you again if you did," she declared vehemently. She hesitated. "Only I should love a man who could treat me like that. Not would—*could*. I'd hate him if he ever really did."

"I've got it!" cried the young man triumphantly. "I know what's the matter with you."

"What?" she demanded, flushing.

"Imaginative dyspepsia; and it's a jolly serious thing, let me tell you. You've caught it from one of those library books. You've been reading about some muscle-bound waster, with an eye like a Bunsen burner—sort of chap who makes you feel like a frozen Australian rabbit whenever he looks at you. He's as majestic as an oak-tree, and just about as slippy in his movements; when he feels exceptionally chatty he grunts at ten-second intervals. He swears he's never kissed a girl before in his life, and when he does break the promise he made to mother you would have guessed it without being told."

"Idiot!" cried the girl.

"I'm not an idiot—at least, not more than usual. Some girls dream about the let-me-catch-cold-under-your-window man, and

[Continued overleaf.]



STILL GAME!



THE COMMISSIONAIRE: Where to, Sir?

THE FARE (*in an uncertain state*): Ask him to guess an' I'll tell him when he'sh right.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

others prefer the I'll-whistle-when-I-want-you kind. It's just a matter of taste."

"Anyhow," cried the girl heatedly, "nobody ever dreams about men of *your* type."

"Perhaps not," he assented contentedly, "but when they wake up it's my sort they marry. If they don't wake up in time they get nightmare. You'd much better be sensible at the start and put up with me."

"You're not such a fool as you look, Tommie," said the girl thoughtfully, after a slight pause.

"Course I'm not," he said pleasantly; "there's bound to be a limit."

"And you think you know a lot."

"Not a lot," he corrected modestly—"a bit."

"But there's one thing you'll never, *never* know."

"What's one among so many? What is it?"

"You'll never know enough to make me marry you."

The remainder of that day the young man spent in deep thought. It was not very deep, but still it was deep for practically virgin soil.

The idea of abduction he dismissed at once. For one thing, he was unpractised in the art. The idea of holding a struggling maiden with one hand and steering a flying motor-car with the other seemed hardly worth taking a joint life insurance policy out for. Also he had sufficient imagination not to wonder how she would behave when he eventually released her.

The notion of leaving the affair in her mother's hands did, indeed, occur to him as a pretty easy solution of the whole problem, but he was too much of a sportsman to give it more than a passing thought.

He had almost decided to take her out for a row on the river and upset her in midstream, thus winning her love by saving her life, when the recollection that he could not swim came along and discouraged him.

Poison, with his dramatic entry with an antidote, he rejected on account of its twofold liability to miscarry. First, the danger of using the wrong poison, and, second, the possibility of administering the wrong antidote.

To compel a girl's young love in these ultra-chivalrous days is a matter of some difficulty. Petruchio would nowadays find himself in the police-court. The primitive gallant who wooed the object of his affections with a club would be denied admittance to the Smartest Set.

The frock-coat of civilisation fits so closely to our frames that we endeavour to persuade ourselves that it is our natural skin. So much, indeed, do we desire to convince ourselves of this that we have passed a social law forbidding anybody even to appear in his shirt-sleeves in front of ladies. When a lady so far forgets herself as to turn up her nose at our immaculate frock-coat and admires, or imagines she admires, natural hide, this prohibition comes rather hard.

The young man felt this. The Girl awaited her master; his code only permitted him to appear before her as a slave. The slavery might be as conventional as the frock-coat, but etiquette demanded the pretence. It is only round the domestic hearth that a man may, unproved, appear in his shirt-sleeves.

The longer he mused over his difficulty, the more bemused he grew. Passing a sleepless night, he arose the next morning at an hour that caused him to shake his watch several times before he could credit it. Never having seen an English sunrise, it occurred to him that here was an admirable opportunity of bagging another country for an already large record. In the hall, a group of maids scattered with surprised glances at his approach. Strolling into the grounds, he sought out the head gardener.

"Morning, Richards," he said briskly. "Whereabouts does the sun rise, as a rule?"

Richards, a taciturn man, returned his greeting with a touch of the cap, and silently extended his arm.

"Good," said the young man, facing in the direction indicated. "That's the—the—East, isn't it?—is it? Long to wait to see it?"

Richards rubbed his ear meditatively.

"Fairish time, Sir," he returned slowly; "it don't rise till a little after three about these parts."

"The dickens!" ejaculated the young man blankly. He reflected a moment and then gave an embarrassed laugh. "But of course, what a fool I am! What time do you make it now—about seven?"

"Ten past, Sir." The gardener hesitated. "If so be as you're looking for the young lady . . ."

"Young lady! Where?"

"Miss Templeman, I think, Sir. She's gone towards the river."

"What, couldn't *she* sleep!—I mean, towards the river, you say? Thanks, Richards."

Reaching the bank, he was just in time to see the girl, in a punt, disappearing round a bend in the river.

To unchain the nearest punt and set out in pursuit was the work of an impulsive moment. As he neared the bend,

however, he slackened his efforts, and, seating himself, lit a cigarette.

Upon reflection, he realised that her presence on the river in no way improved his position. Even assuming an accident, his inability to swim deprived him of any better opportunity than of hauling her out at the end of a boat-hook, or of jumping overboard himself and holding her up on a punt-pole until somebody came along and fished them both out. Neither act seemed likely to compel her respectful love.

The opportunity for a display of masterfulness likewise seemed strictly limited. Beyond threatening to run her down if she did not forthwith promise to marry him, he could see no scope for an exhibition of this much-admired quality.

As he drifted slowly round the curve, he was startled to find the girl had disappeared, punt and all. For one horrified moment he thought that opportunity had forgotten to give him a call in time—and then he observed the punt drawn up against a small island. The girl, having landed, was busily engaged plucking wild flowers.

"Now's my chance," he murmured thoughtfully. "If I only jolly well knew what it was." An idea came to him. "By Jove!" he chuckled admiringly, "smart—oh, *jolly* smart."

Paddling softly, he drew alongside the empty punt and carefully removed the pole and paddle.

"Morning!" he called out, this accomplished.

The girl turned round in astonishment.

"Hullo!" she cried; "you still up?"

"*Still up*," he echoed, hurt at the implication. "Hang it, I've just got up. Matter of fact," he went on, with friendly frankness, "I couldn't sleep. I was trying to make up my mind whether it was better to marry a girl you like, or a girl who likes you. What's your opinion?"

"If I were you," stated the girl, "I should think myself lucky to get married at all—without being married for your money, I mean, of course."

"Oh," urged the young man, after a moment's consideration—"oh, I don't think you'd marry me for my money."

"*Me*? I wouldn't marry you for a million pounds."

"No; that's what I say: there's nothing mercenary about you."

The girl wrinkled her brows in perplexity.

"I don't understand a bit what you're talking about. What have I to do with it? I told you yesterday I wouldn't marry you."

"That's right," affirmed the young man. "Remember saying at the same time that I might be smart, but I'd never be smart enough to make you marry me?"

"Yes; and I meant it."

"Of course you did. But then, you see, that was yesterday, and we were in the billiard-room. *Now* it's to-day, and you're in a punt, and"—he leaned back in his seat and regarded her with a pleasant smile—"and I've got your pole and paddle."

The girl gave a startled cry as she confirmed this statement. Then with a hasty movement she stepped into the boat.

"You horrible coward!" she cried. "I suppose you were going to leave me on the island."

Without replying, the young man worked his pole until the two punts were end to end, and then skilfully punted himself and the girl out into midstream.

"Yes," he admitted, when he had accomplished this feat, "that was the weak point of the scheme. If I'd left you on the island you could have hailed passers-by."

"You see," said the girl scornfully, "you admit yourself your idea was no good."

"Yes. But now, you see, you being in the boat, I can shove you round to the back of the island. Nobody goes there once in a blue moon."

The girl pondered over her dilemma for a moment.

"And what good do you think it's all going to do you? You can't leave me there for ever. They'd discover my body sooner or later."

"Well," he admitted frankly, "I certainly hadn't planned how to get rid of your body. I was hoping you'd give in before it came to that. You see, our both disappearing like this, first thing in the morning, they'll think we've eloped."

With her chin in her hands the girl stared fixedly at the water.

"And you really *are* going to behave as you say?"

"Yes. You see," he pointed out apologetically, "you *said* you'd only marry a masterful man. I'm awful sorry; but I do mean it."

The girl was silent for nearly a minute.

"All right," she said at last, sitting up briskly; "but mind you, I shall call you Thomas when we're married."

"I shall go home in my own punt," said the girl; "you get back into your own boat."

"All right," he said, as he obeyed; "I'll give you back your pole."

The girl smiled.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "I've got a spare one. Didn't you see it?"

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

**Novels and Golf.** It is quite usual, on turning over the pages of a new novel in these days, to discover some more or less intimate reference among them to the game that we play; and the authors have proceeded much further in their knowledge and discretion since the time, not long ago, when a lady writer ventured to give a whole chapter of description of St. Andrews on the autumn medal day, in which, among other things, it was mentioned that the hero, whirling the club round his head in tremendous style, holed out with his second at the last hole—I am not really sure that it was not suggested he did the trick with his tee shot—and then, without any more ado, or observing the formality of walking to the green and getting his card marked, he was summarily proclaimed the victor, hoisted shoulder high, and carried to the club-house by a wildly enthusiastic crowd. They do not do that kind of thing on the great medal day at St. Andrews, and writers who touch upon golf in these times without understanding much about it are exceeding careful lest they should make howlers, which are easier to make concerning this game than any other. But now most writers are players themselves, and so they are on the safe side. Now, when doing a long journey to a far-off links the other day I killed time very excellently with Mr. Locke's new novel, "The Glory of Clementina Wing," and duly encountered the morsel of golf that is in it, and a pretty little thing it is. It is the light-hearted Tommy who is prattling, and he goes on in this way: "'How do you think a musician could face an existence without music? or a golfer without golf?' and he broke into his fresh laugh. 'I wonder what dream golf would be like? It would be a sort of mixed arrangement, I guess, with stars for balls and clouds for bunkers and meads of asphodel for putting-greens.'"

**Objection to Asphodels.** Tommy, that won't do. Most of us who are really keen have had what we might call real dream golf, and it was not at all like this. Perhaps you really mean heavenly golf and not dream golf; and while for the former the stars and clouds might do well enough for the special purposes assigned to them, we who have been tortured so much with defective putting-greens during the late and unlamented summer cannot contemplate with equanimity the idea of putting-greens in the future consisting of asphodels, which, as all may not know, are lilies of sorts and are supposed to be the peculiar plant of the dead. In Greece, one finds, they cover the bleakest hillsides with the most enduring blossoms. No doubt, they are excellent in their way; but for putting-greens in heaven, earth, or dreamland give us for preference those made

of Carter's or Sutton's special seeds. But the mention of dream golf arouses interesting reflections. Men dream of playing magnificent rounds, the like of which they have never performed on the links and never will, though the courses of their sleeping fancy are full of fearsome yet legitimate hazards. Some have suggested that, after harassing days or unwise diet, players of the game are tormented in their sleep by having, in imagination, to play with balls of lead over bunkers as high as Everest and Kinchinjinga, across water-hazards like Niagara; and when, finally, just before they wake, they get the ball on to the putting-green, after having played two million more than the other man, they find it is too large to go into the hole.



DOES GETTING OUT OF BUNKERS MAKE FOR GRACE? A COMPETITOR DURING THE KENT COUNTY LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*

themselves to sleep; and at such times there is a pleasant disposition to make the good strokes in imagination a little better, and the bad ones not quite so poor, as they were. You may have heard of the case of a man who suffered much from insomnia, and, getting tired and disappointed with the old wives' remedy of watching in fancy innumerable sheep disappearing one after the other through a hole in a hedge, began instead to play mental rounds on a course that he mapped out himself on the wide spaces of his brain, the holes being partly designed on existing favourites. After a time he knew every blade of grass on this mental course, and played his rounds upon it with the utmost interest. He would be fair to the game, and not make himself an impossible hero. Now and then he would get his ball into a bunker, and take two to get out, and sometimes a new ball would be lost in the jungle; but he always kept his score; and sometimes, when it worked out specially well, he would go to sleep happy and contented. He never attempted to beat record, because that would have excited him so much as to keep him longer awake. Generally, this little dodge of dreamy, sleepy, filmy golf served its purpose, and ere the first short hole in the second round had been played, black night had fallen on the links and the man had left them.



THE KENT COUNTY LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP AT ELTHAM: A GROUP OF THE COMPETITORS BEFORE THE CLUB-HOUSE.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*

# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## THE PERFECT BUD.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I MADE a discovery the other afternoon, and I record it here in all impartiality. I had been to a tea given by a London firm on the occasion of an exhibition of Paris models. The Paris models were worn by Cockney Venuses. What struck me most was not the clothes—I have always a sort of racial presentiment of what modes are going to be—but how advantageous to a fur display English types are. Velvets, furs, and feathers look softer, deeper, more lustrous, and more downy against the pink satin cheek of the English woman and the yellow floss of her hair. French and also Greek women carry their furs with an air, but sables and seal kill the tinted ivory of their skin and the gloss of their dark hair. In the sombre sumptuousness of their

and maladroit and as naïf as they no longer make them. Flirt is cautious and graceful. He pays small change with a lift of the little finger, eloquent of gold pieces. Love has trembling hands, tumbled hair on his puckered forehead, and baggy trousers from kneeling so much at her little feet. Flirt has red heels that lend him height, heels sonorous, and sharp enough to crush a heart. He keeps his sword for the minuet, and ruffles hide the truth in his hands.

And the morality of all this is that married women do not flirt enough—with their own husbands—and that in civilised communities we ought to allow the *jeune fille* the full right to flirt: after all, it's her only permitted apprenticeship towards knowledge of

Man. Playing with fire very seldom burns us—it only blackens our fingers sometimes. And civilised communities would be the better for more *jeunes filles* like Mlle. Beulemans, whose marriage has been celebrated every night at the Globe Theatre. She is a perfect specimen of a bud—firm and sweet. She judges her parents without despising them, she is sentimental and practical, diplomatic and truthful, virtuous but not ignorant. To be both chaste and *renseignée* may be exceedingly frequent among English girls; but the French bringing up of the *jeune fille* tends to develop only one or the other of those two qualities. A French father is for ever taking his daughter with him on the wide sea in a frail



THE FUTURE KING OF ITALY AND HIS SISTERS: KING VICTOR EMMANUEL'S CHILDREN.

The Crown Prince Humbert was born at Racconigi Castle on Sept. 15, 1904; Princess Yolanda was born on June 1, 1901; Princess Mafalda on Nov. 19, 1902; and Princess Giovanna on Nov. 13, 1907.

Photograph by Guttoni and Bossi.

and rich tone. As a matter of fact, the "Veil of Happiness" is largely composed of chiffon, if M. Clémenceau will allow me to say so.

I am glad I never knew the time when actors and actresses were considered the favourite pets of His Sulphurous Majesty. (I am told that in England it's very bad taste to think, speak, or write of the Devil by his real Christian name; he is always there, but incognito.) The stage is no longer the execrable playground of the aforesaid miscreants smelling of fire and brimstone, but, in these good new times of ours, the best school of morals and philosophy. There is hardly a play in London that has not in reserve for us a wit-coated lesson, and a lesson chiefly directed at us women. I don't know whether it is that men are deemed to be faultless or past playing for. In "L'Alerte," for instance, M. Nicodémi and Mme. Réjane tell us what they and the majority of the audience think of flirting: it's low, it's dangerous, it's purposeless. Too true, and, furthermore, it seems to me a regrettable frittering away of coquetry, energy, and time. There are always, and always have been, controversies about Love, from the mediæval Cour d'Amour to the fashionable Erotic lectures of the enjoyable present; but Flirt, from the French *fleureter*, never seems to be taken *au sérieux*, and yet one is the lieutenant of the other. Love is the real heir—Flirt, the changeling, the usurper. Love is impetuous

little nutshell of a boat. He has, of course, carefully watched over her, so that she should not by any chance have learned how to swim—she has, moreover, a very tight skirt on. "Eh, well; but," says he, with a shrug, "what danger is there? Am I not at the tiller?" Should the sea not be smooth, should there be an accident, poor little fettered French girl in the tight skirt! This, *mes amis*, is a parable. Most French girls are taught swimming; but they have more married girl-friends, complaisant governesses, and borrowed novels than are good for them. What they know they have themselves investigated when they should have been taught, as they have been taught geography without need to journey themselves.

I wonder whether Mlle. Beulemans is a fair type (no, I did not mean that—there is no doubt that she is), but does she represent the Flemish School of young womanhood? If so, bravo Brussels! And I also wonder how anyone can contemplate translating that play into English. It could at best only be imitated, but the actors, they were inimitable, and it was they who made two thirds of the play. It's not a comedy—it's clever without being witty—nor is it a mere farce. It's a Flemish Interior in which the obvious and the common are painted so admirably as to be made admirable; it's a clean picture and a homely one—and a most pleasant play.





# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

**Staunch Sirdars!** Amongst many British products of which we in this country have every right to be proud come the Sirdar motor tyres, which are the special manufacture of the Sirdar Rubber Company. Inquiry amongst users of these tyres on all hands reveals the favour in which they are held by reason of their resilience and durability. Their good qualities are the result of long and careful experiments with various kinds of fabrics used for casings, and the Sirdar Rubber Company inform me that they have ultimately come by a fabric which gives a breaking-strain of 1000 lb. in a three-inch strip of one ply only. As there are five or more plies of such material in the various sized tyres, their strength in this respect can be imagined. Experiments have also been made to obtain diamond hardness in studs, and a method of securing them in the cover which makes it impossible for them to pull out. Moreover, the studs are isolated from the fabric casing so completely that they can do no harm. It is not remarkable, then, that, given such care and the best materials, the Sirdar tyres have a great vogue.

**Something the Public Should Know.** In many ways the Royal Automobile Club is prone to hide its light under a bushel, particularly when contrasted with another motoring association, which for the moment shall be nameless, but whose work on behalf of its members and the motor public never lacks for publicity. But in the matter of the Club, how few of the general motoring public ever realise the large amount of onerous, careful work performed and carried out by the Technical Department. By the manufacturers of motor cars and accessories it is appreciated at its full worth, though many who have profited by it fail to make the best use of the results. It cannot be too widely known that every opportunity is given to the public for the examination of the certificates issued, while anyone who is interested and makes application can obtain a copy of the particular certificate which has been issued in respect to any car or apparatus tested.

**Simple Summarising Certificates.** I note that the clubs suggest that by the examination of a certificate of performance relating to any particular car which has been under trial by the Club an intending purchaser can see for himself what the car has actually done under official observation, and that these certificates indicate the constant advance which is being made in all things appertaining to the motor vehicle. This is no doubt quite right as far as it goes, although it should be remembered that cars entered for tests upon the public roads under Club supervision are not allowed to exceed the legal limit. The certificates as to their performances do certainly afford a guide to the intending purchaser,

but when it comes to other things—such, for instance, as the test of a dynamo-fed electric-lighting system for a car—the findings on the certificate, though full and minute to a degree, are caviare to the ordinary man. It would be well if the certificate could be summed up once for all as good, bad, or indifferent.

## An Amenable Surveyor.

While I am upon the Club and its well-doing towards automobilists, I should like to draw attention to the effect of polite representation from Pall Mall upon that usually pachydermatous official, a county surveyor. An interesting collection of large flints and nails of all sizes was lately forwarded to the Club by a motorist who had grown weary of repairing punctures sustained in travelling over a certain stretch of road. At last, in desperation, he made a careful survey of this deadly section, and in a very short time collected quite a crop of sharp flints and nails to serve as a sample of the road-surface in that particular locality. Upon first sight, it was thought that the flint specimens were ancient arrow-heads, or scrapers, or other relics of the Stone Age, while the nails so retrieved might have represented the stock of an ironmonger's shop. So moved, the Club addressed the surveyor of the county on the subject, submitting the fearful wildfowl that had been garnered in this wise, with the result that the road is being dug up and all the puncturing material screened out. I would that the identity of this amenable surveyor had been disclosed, in order that all motorists might call him blessed.

## Tyre Sizes!

In order to keep down the price of chassis as much as possible, manufacturers who include tyres in their quotations invariably undertyre the vehicles. More tyre trouble and annoyance are brought about by undertyring than anything else, and I do not understand why the tyre manufacturers do not in their own interests impress this more forcibly upon the public. When a man is about to purchase a car, and sees it listed with tyres at a certain price, it is seldom that he pauses to inquire whether the tyres are of sufficient transverse diameter to take the load they will be called upon to sustain. For it should be realised that, the smaller the transverse diameter or sectional area of the tyre for a given load, the greater the pressure to which that tyre must be inflated to keep the rims off the ground and give the requisite cushioning. Also, with these small, hard-pumped tyres there is a loss of comfort, which is only realised when tyres of the

proper sizes are fitted. It is much too common to-day to fit standard 18-h.p. touring-cars, weighing, say, 25 cwt., with 810 by 90 tyres, whereas they should be at least 815 by 100, or, better still, 820 by 120.

[Continued on a later page.]



THE FIRST WOMAN TO WIN A LICENSE TO FLY AN AEROPLANE IN THE UNITED STATES: MISS HARRIET QUIMBY.

Miss Quimby, who drives a 50-h.p. Moisant monoplane, is the first woman in the United States to win a license to fly an aeroplane, and the first person of either sex in the United States to fly a monoplane under the rigid conditions imposed by the new rules of the Aero Club of America. When undergoing the tests for her certificate, she made a world's record for landing with a monoplane.

Photograph by Marciau.



THE FIRST GERMAN AIRWOMAN: MISS NELLY BEESE.

Miss Beese has just won her certificate as pilot, at the well-known Johannisthal Aerodrome. She uses a Rumplertaube aeroplane.



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**The Cesarewitch.** The Cesarewitch, the greatest of all the long-distance handicaps run in Britain, is to be decided to-day. New handicaps on more or less similar lines are to be found in the programmes of enterprising executives, and this year a further encroachment was made by increasing the distance of the Prince Edward Handicap to two miles; but so much sentiment surrounds to-day's race that it remains, in spite of all opposition, a long way the most important, as it is the most popular, distance handicap. The situation this year has been curiously like that in connection with the race of 1906, and if Mirador wins, the similarity will be even more striking. In that year Mintagon, who had been purchased—a more or less unsound horse—out of the Beckhampton stable, was nursed by W. P. Anson with such consummate skill that he was fit enough to run second to Golden Measure in the Great Ebor Handicap. He was awarded 7 st. in the Cesarewitch, and the only question was whether he would stand a winding-up preparation. His trainer's skill assisted by the condition of the ground, overcame

all obstacles, and a very popular victory was gained by six lengths. Last year W. Waugh, who then trained Mirador, considered the Ebor Handicap a good thing for the horse; but he broke down badly and had to be struck out. Patience overcame physical disability, and the horse was transferred to Manton early this year, because Waugh had no distance-horses with whom to train him. Long, steady work was now Mirador's portion until Ebor time came round again. He ran in that race this year, and finished third to Pillo and Claretoi. He had not been "wound up," as they say, and directly the weights for the Cesarewitch appeared it was manifest what a good chance had been afforded him. Owing to the accident to the *Olympic*, Mr. Astor was able to change his previous plans, and reserved Mirador for to-day's race. That he has a great chance is admitted on all hands, and Newmarket trainers are particularly sore at being, as they imagine, crowded out by the handicapper. Taylor's stable also shelters several other horses in the race. I hear very good accounts of Dalmatian. My selection will be found under "Monday Tips."

**Three-Year-Olds.** Which is the best three-year-old in training? There would be many answers were a plebiscite taken among racing men, and I have no doubt a large percentage of them agree to differ from the Messrs. Weatherby, who, in their Free Handicap, recently published, consider that Prince Palatine and Hornet's Beauty are one and the same horse; that Stedfast is no less than 10 lb. their inferior; and that Stedfast is even 3 lb. inferior to Lycaon. A startling comment on this last opinion was forthcoming in the race for the Jockey Club Stakes, in which Stedfast made a very sorry show of Lycaon, who attempted to

concede 6 lb. Mushroom is regarded as 7 lb. better than Stedfast, and to show how inferior the fillies are reckoned to the colts, the Messrs. Weatherby set Chérimoya 15 lb. and Hair Trigger II. 18 lb. below the St. Leger winner. The running of Tootles and Hair Trigger II. since June points very strongly in the direction of the last-named being the best three-year-old filly. Those who fancy that Hornet's Beauty can win the Cambridgeshire under 8 st. 13 lb. will note with interest that the Messrs. Weatherby consider him capable of giving Grammont 26 lb. The difference between the pair in the Cambridgeshire is 31 lb., and Grammont, we are told, is "walking over." To revert to the fillies. How time works changes in the estimates is amply demonstrated by the placing of Tootles 12 lb. below Hair Trigger II., who could not beat Captain Forester's filly level in the Oaks. Manwolf, the crack of the North, is considered to be 20 lb. inferior to Prince Palatine, and Atmah, the One Thousand Guineas winner, 23 lb.

**Programmes.** Why do Clerks of Courses persist in clinging to the overnight selling-race? It is not such a favourite as formerly, a good many of the selling-races being advertised to close two, three, or four days in advance of the fixture; but it still exists, and there was an illuminating example recently at Newmarket of how unpopular it is becoming with owners. Selling-races may be very desirable things—and no doubt they are to executives, who sometimes see the fund get a good lift over the auction afterwards—but surely this object would not be frustrated or damaged in any way if the "seller" were to be closed earlier? On the other hand, there are two or three very material advantages to be derived by following the latter course. The various programmes could be completed earlier, so that those who wanted to study



TOWING THE QUARRY: THE MOTIVE POWER OF A STUFFED HARE IN PRACTICE COURSING.

Last week we illustrated on this page one of the various methods adopted for laying the line for drag-hunting. The photographs here given show how coursing may be practised with a stuffed hare. Although the towing of the hare by a horseman looks very like the dragging of the "red-herring," yet the two cases are not really analogous, for in coursing the dogs follow the quarry by sight and not by scent. The stuffed-hare method is certainly more humane than the real thing, for one stuffed hare can do duty for many live ones.



NOT SO AMUSING FOR THE DOGS, PERHAPS, BUT BETTER FOR "LONG EARS": COURSING WITH A STUFFED HARE.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.

them would have plenty of time in which to do so. Thus owners and trainers would know what possible opponents were in store for their horses before despatching them to the scene of action. It would be advantageous all round were the Stewards of the Jockey Club to rule that all racing programmes for the coming week should be completed and published, with the times of the races, in the *Racing Calendar*. Such a proposal may be impracticable; if so, I would suggest to Clerks of Courses that it would be to their own and the public's advantage if they abolished the over-night "seller," and completed their programmes as suggested.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I fancy the Cesarewitch will be won by Mirador, with Dalmatian dangerous. Other tips, Newmarket, to-day: Autumn Handicap, Newmarket; Cheveley Park Stakes, Belleisle; Second October Nursery, Wild Thyme filly. To-morrow: Challenge Stakes, Spanish Prince; Lowther Stakes, Lemberg; Ditch Mile Nursery, Waveberg. Friday: Exning Handicap, Black Pirate; Middle Park Plate, White Star. Lingfield, Saturday: October Nursery, Grayling IV.; Pheasant Handicap, Quercus.





# WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## Loosing the Dogs of War.

We take up our paper at breakfast-time, and lo! the inevitable, the incredible thing has happened. While we were snoozing in our beds (on which articles of furniture we are always told to sleep comfortably by optimistic Cabinet Ministers), two Great Powers had gone to war. After a summer of heat and turmoil, when

everyone's nerves were at exasperation point, it would seem as if even the nations have lost their tempers and are now flying at each other's throats. The horrors of a European war are at our elbow, yet none of us realises what it may mean, what dire happenings may come about. In England, we associate war with the sailing of transports filled with men in khaki, with reading telegrams in the evening papers which describe in military terms the movements of troops, "brushes" with the enemy, and the occupation, usually, of places in Asia or Africa. The French, of whom the older generation are painfully aware what defeat, disaster, and the presence of a victorious and hated enemy mean, never talk of hostilities in the same gay and careless manner that we do. But the most astounding thing about war is the racial hatred which it arouses, so that folk who, the day before yesterday, never wished each other harm—who were, in fact, happily oblivious

of each other's existence—now cherish a sanguinary animosity against each other's persons. No doubt a reasonable amount of hatred must be aroused before a war can be carried on at all, but I see no reason why civilians should indulge in malice towards the enemy, when they might well leave that part of warfare to the men with the guns. As a matter of fact, it is usually the combatants on each side who cherish the least personal animosity.

## British Tact.

I know a by no means undistinguished member of a Foreign Embassy who roundly declares that the Briton is the most astute diplomatist in the world, because he invariably displays tact of a high order. This is a virtue—or a quality, if you will—which is part of the training of our upper classes. It is not conspicuous in the middle class, who are too fond of giving each other good advice and of interfering with their neighbours' affairs. I hear that "tact" as a subject is part of the curriculum of our youthful and incipient Nelsons. There is a charming story of an Admiral who, wishing to test the *savoir faire* of these youngsters, put the following question: "What would you do if, while you were Governor of a Crown possession, a great catastrophe, such as an earthquake, occurred, and the commander of a foreign man-of-war landed his men, under the pretext of keeping order. In what manner would you get rid of the unwelcome sailors?" "I should invite the commander and his officers to a Farewell Banquet," said a diplomatist rising thirteen; and the Admiral went away delighted. As a matter of fact, the formula "Come and dine" has always been the English way of settling matters amicably.

## The Theatre in Japan.

The cinematograph, it seems, is ravaging Japan, and a young friend in Yokohama—who keeps me posted on the progress of European drama in far-away Nippon—has sent me a programme of a cinema performance which, in regard to phrasing and spelling, is not without a strange charm. Included among the items I find: "An early blooming of Cherries (Funny play)"; "An Exposing (Disordered Condition) from perfume"; "Mariness' living (Photograph)"; "Surpassing Most Wrestlings"; "A Quarreling with the King Wizard (Foreign Fairy tale)"; and "A Ringing bell in the raining night and a ghost story of Yotsuya." You are also passionately exhorted to visit the new Imperial Hall, Asakusa Park, for "it is claimed to be one of the most elegant Hall in Japan." Personally, if I were a European in the land of the Rising Sun, I should prefer to pass my time seeing the native drama and looking at the wonderful wrestling and juggling; but that there is a demand for Shakespeare, and even Ibsen (acted in Japanese), is evident, for I hear of "Hamlet" and "A Doll's House" being played by small Japanese in kimonos and sandals. The audience, it seems, is easily moved to tears, and becomes heartbroken if the fortunes of the heroine do not run smooth, but they are not much given to laughter or applause. "Hamlet" in Japanese costume must be diverting; but, after all, the play is speckled o'er with Oriental pessimism and mysticism, and I do not know any reason why it should not be every whit as effective in embroidered kimonos as in the extremely mixed "periods" of costume in which the actors usually appear in Europe and America.

## A New Era in Building.

The opening of the moving staircase at Earl's Court Station does not seem to excite any surprise in the imperturbable Londoner; yet it undoubtedly marks the beginning of a new era in building, and possibly in human development. There is a growing disinclination to walk in all civilised peoples. We think it preposterous to be asked to step up five flights of stairs; and lifts convey us up and down space, with every accompaniment of incipient sea-sickness, do we want to buy a yard of ribbon in some vast emporium or to inquire after our friend's health in some modish flat. The motor-car seems to have eradicated all desire for leisurely progression on two feet, while the younger generation is turning longing eyes and skilful hands on the aeroplane. The swift motor-bus, the alluring taxi-cab, have claimed us definitely for their own, and to see any one, except nurses and babies, taking walking exercise, at any rate in London, is a sufficiently remarkable spectacle. With incredible rapidity the moving staircase will become a feature of every large building, and only in small, old-fashioned houses shall we still have to walk up and down stairs. The drawback to the new innovation is that the human leg will soon become atrophied, and some future generation may present the singular spectacle of persons who can use their arms but not their lower limbs.



[Copyright.]

## A DAINTY DINNER-GOWN.

The dinner-gown is of white lace over satin, with a tunic of black nixon. The bodice is swathed by a broad band of velvet, and caught at the side by a paste buckle. A narrow rouleau of ermine borders the sleeves.



[Copyright.]

## A COSY MOTOR-COAT.

The motor-coat is in striped chevrot, lined with fur, while the cape is of woollen plaid edged with a fringe. The whole costume is both becoming and comfortable.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 25.*

## THE MARKET POSITION.

WAR seems to have cleared the Stock Exchange atmosphere, which has been most oppressive for some weeks. Every market is more or less marking time, for until the future course of events is more clearly seen, speculators and investors alike are not over-anxious to commit themselves. Nobody seems to think the Turco-Italian hostilities of themselves likely to cause much trouble to other than the actual combatants; but there are two danger-spots which might lead to very unpleasant things, and they are the Balkan States, where unrest might bring Austria into the field, and North Africa generally, where religious fanaticism might create a blaze from Morocco to Egypt. With either of these unpleasant eventualities staring operators in the face, small wonder that, for the moment, they hold their hands.

## SPECULATION AND GAMBLING.

When, as at present, markets are depressed, and the public, since they are always bulls, are losing money, the Stock Exchange gets a good deal of unmerited abuse.

The idea that the "House" and the "Turf" are together responsible for all the gambling that goes on is so widely held that it is interesting to notice some of the less-known markets.

Heavy sums are risked every day in Cotton and metals such as Copper and Tin, and nearly all articles in Mincing Lane which can be dealt in for future delivery have, at different times, been gambling counters—Camphor, Shellac, and, more recently, Rubber, are good examples. Spices, owing probably to the limited quantities available, have always been favourites.

Large speculative transactions take place in Pepper and Cloves; the crop estimates of the latter from Zanzibar are as eagerly watched as the traffics in the Home Rail Market, and many of the leading brokers have their own correspondents in the island. Cloves are generally bought and sold in lots of five to twenty-five tons, and the price in normal times varies between 3d. and 9d. per lb., according to the size of the crop; after a cyclone in Zanzibar the quotation has been even 3s. a lb., so the possibilities of the market are considerable.

The truth is that as long as men do business together some will be found willing to take big risks in the hope of getting rich more quickly than their fellows, and it is not fair to blame the Stock Exchange for the failings of human nature.

While talking of gambling, we hear good accounts of Peru Preference stock at about 40; the dividend will, it is said, be 2 per cent. this year, and more has been earned. Current traffics are very good, and the stock appears to have a fair chance of taking up a permanently higher level, as the country seems to be making real progress at last.

## THE YANKEE OUTLOOK.

The paucity of business is just as apparent in the American Market as it is elsewhere, and with orders coming so very slowly, there is not much to go for in prospect, either in one direction or the other. Some of the big foreign brokers who in ordinary times receive orders from the Continent twenty times an hour are not getting more than one a day, and it is this state of affairs which has reduced the American Market to a condition as near stagnation as that department can drift. In quiet times, of course, the inclination is to sell bears of anything, on tendency, and no doubt the regular practice has been followed of late to a fairly wide extent. The outlook, however, is not bad. Labour conditions certainly grow menacing every now and then, and these provide a very formidable nigger in the hedge; but if strikes keep off, trade is sufficiently good to enable the railroad companies to maintain their dividends without any great strain, and the Atchison report, which came out last week, shows that the Company is earning 9½ per cent., while paying its regular 6 per cent. dividend. Of the lower-priced shares, our fancy runs to Erie, in which there is probably a two or three dollars rise before very long.

## MINING MARKETS.

Paris has been taking so considerable an interest in mining markets recently that it is customary to ascribe almost any movement to the hands of the French. Whether it be De Beers, Mexico Mines, East Rands, Chartered, Rhodesia Exploration, Lena Goldfields, or one or two West Africans, the reasons for rise or fall are traced at once to Paris. No doubt this is often incorrect enough. London houses are rather fond of covering their tracks by operating through the French capital. Paris, of course, is the inspiration of movements in Rio Tinto shares, and in these a good-sized bear account is responsible for maintaining the price at its present figure, which, if it be not too high, is certainly quite exalted enough. Amongst other baser metals, the erstwhile popular Tronoh Tins, rushed up to £5 two or three months ago, have fallen to half that price, and still look dear to us. Broken Hills came back a trifle in consequence of interest rather oozing out of the market by reason of the slight revival which occurred in Rhodesians; but

that it will return again to the Barrier group we have little doubt, nor have we any hesitation in repeating our previous conviction that the Broken Hill group offers the best medium for speculative investment to be found among the mining markets.

## OILS.

Among the otherwise gloomy markets Oil shares have been the one bright spot during the last week. The decision to open up the Maikop field by deep boring is long overdue and has rightly been made a bull point. The value of the field (never a favourite of ours) must naturally depend far more on results at the deep levels than at the shallow levels now being worked. Shells have been very much to the fore, and the position of this Company seems to be a very strong one, while the necessity for an arrangement with the Standard Oil group is remote. The price of oil has risen, especially in the Far East, and the Company should be making good profits. It is not very long ago that the shares stood at over five pounds, and it would not astonish their supporters to see them at 90s. in the near future.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The only difference between one day and another just now in the Stock Exchange is that there is rather less business on the former than on the latter—or vice-versa, whichever way you like to put it. The successive shocks not only to confidence, but also to credit and bank balances, have reduced the investor, as well as the speculator, to the condition of Mr. Carlisle's man with the jellified backbone. There is not much sense even in being a bear in markets like these, for to be a bear one wants to occupy a position of splendid isolation. It is not like gambling on the bull tack, where it is a case of the more the merrier, because we take it for granted that the jovial buyers will hang on for the very last sixpence, and therefore get left far behind the man who has the sense to take his profit while he can, and leave the rest—if there is going to be any rest—to others. But you don't want to be a bear in company, because it needs only a very slight shock to those timid animals for them to go rushing into the market to buy their stuff back again, and the wild movements in Home Railway stocks during the last three weeks have been due to this highly sensitive state of the nerves of what papers call the "shorts." At the same time, taking the short view, it seems right enough to be out of Home Rails, although doubtless the day will come in time when prices get to a level at which they will be tempting to speculator and investor alike.

All kinds of queer complications have arisen in connection with the Bank of Egypt. Dealings went on actively after the suspension, but the Bank, of course, is closed, and it is hardly likely that transfers will be accepted for registration any more. In consequence, the sellers have been scanning very closely indeed the names of the buyers on the transfers sent for their signature, and there has been much looking up of Companies' Acts, legal reference-books, Stock Exchange rules, and similar sources of information which might be expected to throw some light on the position. So far as I can understand, from making very careful inquiries in Stock Exchange circles, the House view is that the seller looks to the ultimate buyer for the acceptance of responsibility in the matter of calls, and so on. Should the buyer, however, turn out to be a man of straw, the seller will come back upon the broker who sold the shares for him in the Stock Exchange. The broker, of course, takes up the position of agent, which he is clearly entitled to do under the decision of many former cases of a similar sort. But as he sold the shares to a jobber, who, by the unwritten rules of the Stock Exchange, is a principal, this jobber can be called upon to shoulder any responsibility if it is not met by the ultimate buyer.

This, I say, is the House view, traversed, I know by legal authorities who cite judgments, given at the time of the Overend-Gurney crash, which relieve Stock Exchange intermediaries of all liability and leave the matter to be fought out between the actual seller and the ultimate buyer. This latter I understand to be the plain and indisputable legal condition of affairs as shown by the great case of *Grissel v. Bristowe*.

It is natural enough that clients who have sold shares should do everything in their power to protect their interests before signing transfers into the name of somebody else whom they very likely do not know, and various attempts have been made to force brokers to give written indemnities or guarantees against the possible failure of the ultimate buyer to meet whatever calls may be made upon the shares. These attempts, however, are being strongly resisted, and, so far as I know, unanimously refused up to the present by the brokers, because it is manifestly absurd, on the face of it, to accept what might become a very heavy responsibility in certain cases. The position is a very interesting one, and is charged with uncertainties; but I believe that the outline given above is the strictly correct state of the case as between transferor, transferee, and the members of the Stock Exchange through whose hands the transactions travel.

There is a sound of hope in the Nitrate Market which should cheer the hearts of holders of these particular shares. Notwithstanding the fact that the Nitrate combination, dissolved some months ago, has not been re-formed, there seems to be an understanding between the principal producers with regard to the output, and to this extent the fear of unlimited competition has not been realised. The price of Nitrate itself has been on the rise for some time past. The demand for fertilisers is increasing, and, so far as one is able to judge, must continue to do so as farming and other such culture become more scientific and more intensive. On the other hand, Nitrate fields, like gold-mining companies, become worked out in course of time, and the capitalist who is thinking of taking an interest in what looks like a reviving industry should direct special attention to those concerns which have large areas of undeveloped property rather than to those big producers whose output must automatically decrease. It is much the same in the Rubber Market. To buy shares of certain of what are called the leading Companies at the present time is to invite a gradual shrinkage of capital as the output will begin to dwindle in future years; whereas the shrewd policy is to pick up shares in those Companies which are just coming along, and have promising possibilities rather than proved performances to recommend them.

To revert to Nitrate, however, the Chilean Government is doing all it can to foster the newer undertakings in addition to affording material help to the older concerns. The Government recognises how deeply the finances of the country depend upon the success of the Nitrate industry, and accordingly it offers facilities, both financial and physical, for the exploration of new fields which shall step into the places of older Companies when the latter draw near to the end of their tether. There is, of course, very little market in Nitrate shares; but it is quite likely that this reproach may be removed within the course of the next year or so, and I, for one, should not be a bit astonished to see a good deal of animation and activity, with its inevitable concomitant of fresh Companies springing up, as soon as the political horizon gets a little clearer.

It is a source of much consolation to notice how the Oil Market is coming to the fore again. After its bitter experiences of the past six months—which experiences, by the way, it must be admitted that the manipulators of the

*[Continued on page 32.]*



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### The Question of Models.

There is no doubt that the Paris model is getting itself into disgrace. I do not mean the artist's model but the modiste's model.

Our great dressmakers have acquired a habit of spending small fortunes on Paris models. These are brought over and triumphantly displayed whenever Fashion issues a fresh plan of campaign. Smart women rush to see them, select what they most admire, and have it adapted to suit their own requirements regardless of cost. Then on their walks abroad—in search, it may be, of cheap accessories—they behold in the window of a shop in an unsmart thoroughfare the very model they have chosen from. Result, a quick motor run back to the exclusive and expensive modiste, and high words. The purchaser will not be comforted by being told that the model so displayed could not be copied by the firm displaying it, nor could the modiste blamed prevent its being sold to another firm. Still worse is it when smart Greek meets smart Greek at a wedding, garden-party, or ball, attired like twins for similitude, though one knows not the other. It is a difficult matter this of Paris models, and could be best adjusted by origination on the part of our own modistes, and they are quite capable, if only they would defy habit. It has to be worn down in the minds of British women that Paris dresses are the only dresses that are smart. London fashions are as beautiful and suitable nowadays as those in Paris. Since modistes of La Ville Lumière have been sending mannequins to race meetings dressed in a conspicuous and bizarre manner, refined Englishwomen have felt more secure in the hands of the best home modistes.

### Regretting and Rejoicing.

We all deeply regret parting with the Duke

and Duchess of Connaught, who are on their way to Canada. They are most popular, and what is even more important, they are intensely liked by all who know them, and deeply respected wherever they have been. Their last public appearance previous to their departure was opening the Exhibition of Old Masters at the Grafton Galleries. The Duke looked so handsome, soldierly, and happy, and the Duchess so well and so dignified. She is not a great dresser, but always looks nice. She wore on that occasion a long coat of deep clouded purple satin over a dress the same colour, with a hat of felt the same shade finished with ostrich-plumes. When Lord Curzon had finished speaking and the exhibition was declared open, she went with Sir Edgar Vincent to see some of the gems of the collection. Princess Patricia wore a coat and skirt of petunia-coloured satin, the coat embroidered in silk, and a hat of sloe-bloom blue velvet, with chrysanthemums round the crown in bright autumnal tints. A sable tie was worn. The pretty Princess was looking very bright, and is doubtless looking forward to a winter of outdoor sports such as she grew to love on her visits to her only sister, the Crown Princess of Sweden.

As Easy as A.B.C. This is a saying from an adult point of view. Few of us can remember when the alphabet presented difficulties as serious as the

most abstruse calculation now does. The A.B.C. is a serious study to the wee lassie or laddie. It can, however, be made a delightful one by using Wright's illustrated alphabet book. It will be sent free on receipt of a halfpenny stamp for postage on application to Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-5, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

The Idol's Health. The baby is always idolised, and when a healthy, happy mite, is really adorable. There has been a lot of trouble in babydom, for many of the wee things have got consumption. It is generally admitted that great danger exists of their contracting this dire disease from cow's milk; the final report of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis states that one half of the consumption amongst young children may be attributed to this cause. Mothers are quite naturally terrified at such a finding. There is, however, a safe course to pursue; full directions for following it will be found in a pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management," which can be obtained free on request from Messrs. Allen and Hanbury, Limited, 37, Lombard Street, E.C. These specialists in food for infants have scientifically prepared a milk practically identical with healthy human milk. The pamphlet gives invaluable information about the feeding of babies and about all their illnesses.



A WELL-KNOWN REFORMER OF STAGE SCENERY AND HIS FAMILY. MR. GORDON CRAIG WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Mr. Gordon Craig's efforts towards reform in the designing and setting of stage scenery have attracted wide attention. He is here shown with his wife and children, Nellie and Teddy, at Miss Ellen Terry's farmhouse at Smallhythe, Kent. It seems almost superfluous to mention that Miss Ellen Terry is Mr. Gordon Craig's mother.—[Photograph by C.N.]



TO SIMPLIFY THE SETTING OF STAGE SCENERY, A BACK VIEW OF THE MODEL OF MR. GORDON CRAIG'S INVENTION, WITH MASTER TEDDY CRAIG, HIS SON, ARRANGING A SCENE.

Mr. Gordon Craig has invented a new system of setting stage scenery, which he has patented in this and other countries. It consists of folding screens to stand of themselves without being fastened to the stage or the "flies." They can be of any size, and have any number of folds. Though less detailed, of course, than built-up scenes, wonderful effects can be obtained by this system, and it simplifies immensely the labour of scene-shifting, besides being cheaper and easily portable. Mr. Craig prefers to have scenes painted in monochrome, and variations of effect obtained by the use of coloured lights.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Looking Forward. Next week the social life of London will begin for the autumn and winter. The wedding of Earl Percy and Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox will take place in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on the 18th inst.; the same day, the Hon. Lettice Annesley and Captain G. V. Salvin Bowlby, Royal Horse Guards, will be married in Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Other weddings to take place in the near future are those of Lord Leconfield and Miss Rawson, Sir Hill Child and Lady Helen Grosvenor, and the Hon. T. C. Vesey and Lady Dorothy Browne. This week, Viscount Gormanston, premier Viscount of Ireland, marries Miss Eileen Butler, daughter of the late General Sir William Butler and of Lady Butler, painter of "The Roll Call" and several famous battle-pictures. The wedding takes place in the Brompton Oratory to-morrow, the 12th inst. Bride and bridegroom belong to the Roman Catholic Church. The Royal Opera Syndicate start an autumn season of German Opera and Russian Ballet on Monday night next. All looks well for the pleasantest social season of the year—late autumn and early winter.

The Travellers' Club is still in the hands of the decorators. Its members, true to their name, are wanderers on the face of other clubs; and at Brooks' and elsewhere tell this tale of possible woe—that they may perhaps be banished from Pall Mall till December. Well, Travellers, so labelled, should not complain of diversions so agreeable as those which St. James's Street hospitably affords. And their own habitation, once they are back in it, will repay the pangs of exile—it will be found to be refurbished and complete in every particular. This is as it should be; for, by the law of reaction which governs all human affairs, the man who greets gladly "the smiling face of danger" in the desert and on the veldt demands, once he is at home, a stricter attention to his comforts than contents the mere man who never heard "the invitation to the road"—but only the gong that summons him to punctual meals.

Continued from Page 30.]

movement brought upon themselves very largely—the public will require to see a good market established before they are likely to take any fresh hand in an industry which has cost them so much money up to the present. For speculative purposes, it seems best still to stick to the older shares, and to eschew the dozens of others which may look attractive enough on paper, but whose shareholders bitterly rue the day when they were so ill-advised as to put their money into those Companies.

The Kaffir tip of the moment is Village Deep, and the price of the shares is  $2\frac{1}{2}$ s, with comparatively few in the market. The Company is one of those which pays a fair dividend, and last year at one time the price touched 3, while its lowest was  $2\frac{1}{4}$ s. During the past nine months, Village Deeps have been down to 1½, and as high as  $2\frac{1}{2}$ s, so that the current quotation cannot be called extravagant. The developments of late have been distinctly satisfactory, and to the speculative investor in Kaffir shares Village Deeps hold out a good deal of attraction. There is also a tip going round to the effect that the Rhodesian Market is to be taken in hand again, with Chartered to lead it. The Chartered Company's report is due next month, and while that document is, judging from past experience, a dangerous thing to speculate on in advance, it is not unreasonable to assume that this year the accounts will show further steady progress in the direction of making both ends meet. At the same time, the Chartered Company has an unfortunate knack of providing surprises which in the past have too often taken the shape of new issues of shares, so there is this which must be borne in mind as a kind of mental reservation by the prospective purchaser at 30s. or thereabouts. It is worth remembering, though, that even in the worst of the political crises this autumn Chartered did not get below 27s.; and as it does not take a great deal of buying to hoist the shares a shilling or two, it is likely enough that a determined effort would raise the price to, at all events, 32s. 6d. We all want to get rich quickly, and if the shares that we buy one day do not happen to rise within the next half-hour or the next half-day, disappointment glooms our brow and upsets our digestion. If we are not prepared for these little contingencies, then we had better keep our hands off Chartered, because the market is a little bit tender yet from the results of foreign politics, and quite conceivably the bull might have to wait a bit before coming home with his purchase.

My friend the enemy—by whom, of course, I mean my Able Editor—at times graciously allows me to look at some of the letters which he gets from correspondents; and I always do my best to place an unrivalled fund of mostly useless information at his disposal. But it pains me rather to see what easy questions people too often put. Personally, if I consulted a paper, I should pick out what you might call some really nutty ones, the answering of which you could feel serenely confident would give enough work to excuse your spending sixpence on the paper if you don't happen to see it for nothing at the barber's. "Dear Sir," I should write, "having been a subscriber for many years" (you needn't say what you've been a subscriber to), "I shall esteem it a great favour if you will be so kind as to answer the questions on the enclosed two sheets of foolscap, and I trust you will forgive me for writing on both sides of them.—Yours truly, ENQUIRER." Then you start the foolscap: a few examples will show you the idea: (1) (By the way, don't forget to take a copy of your letter, because if you omit it, the City Editor is certain to answer: "Nos. 2, 7, 11, 49, and 127: quite good of their class. Nos. 50 to 126 inclusive: we think you might do better. Sell most of the rest on any recovery.") Let us start again. (1) Please give a graduated list of ten investments for £100, in all, with dividends rising from 4 to 14 per cent., paying especial regard to the security of the upper five. (2) Kindly state the average annual dividend paid by the London and North-Western on its Ordinary stock from its creation until now. (3) Are there any bears sticking to Cement? Please verify by reference to the Duke of —. (4) Please let me know if there is any lunatic at large worse than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Oct. 7, 1911.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D.—The following might suit you: (1) Leopoldina Pref.; (2) Brazilian 4 per cent. 1911 loan; (3) Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation Ordinary stock; (4) United of Havana 5 per Cent. Preference stock. You will average over 5 per cent., with a good chance of capital improvement.

UNFORTUNATE.—See this week's Notes as to what you should do.

INVESTOR.—Yes, we think the 6 per cent. Mount Austin Debentures a very good investment.

GAMMA.—On referring back, we find we never recommended, or even mentioned, the Oil shares in our editorial columns, but that a paragraph did appear, following correspondence. All such paragraphs, as has been repeatedly stated here, do not profess to represent the City Editor's opinions, and are merely printed from information received.

LUX.—There are hardly any securities authorised by law for trustees which yield the return you ask. Bank of Ireland stock will give 4 per cent., and some of the best Railway Debentures and Preference stocks will give you £3 18s. per cent. (Great Eastern Pref. for instance), while Indian stocks yield about £3 15s. per cent. Outside trustee securities it is quite possible to recommend you stocks to pay 4½ or 4¾ per cent., or perhaps even 5 per cent.

M. M. T.—There seems no reason for the change of investment you propose. We prefer the stock you hold to the one you propose.

We are asked to state that the Right Hon. W. Hayes Fisher, M.P., has joined the Board of the Investment Registry, Ltd., taking the seat rendered vacant by the resignation of Lord Elcho. Mr. Hayes Fisher will act as Chairman of the Company at the express wish of Sir John Rolleston, M.P., who, although retiring from the Chairmanship, retains his seat on the Board and his interest in the Company.

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Many a little rough patch on the chest or limbs turns to eczema through being pooh-poohed; and many a simple cut from the bread-knife, or

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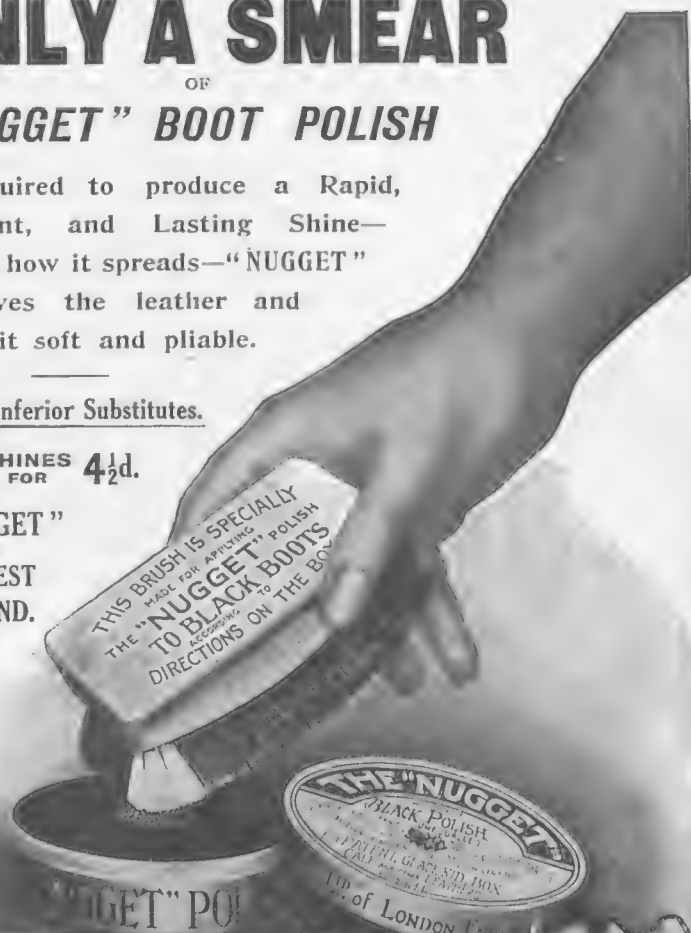
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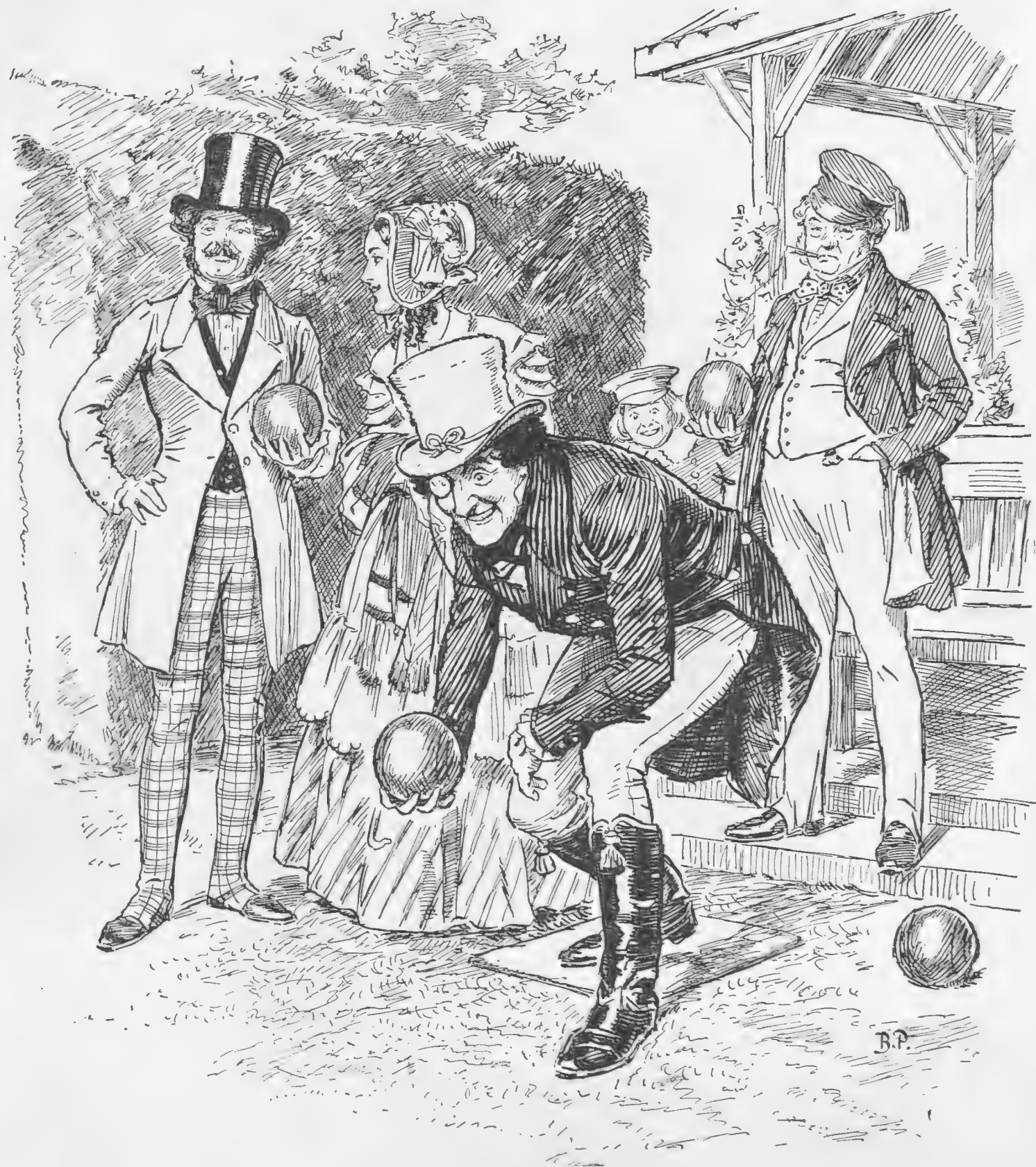
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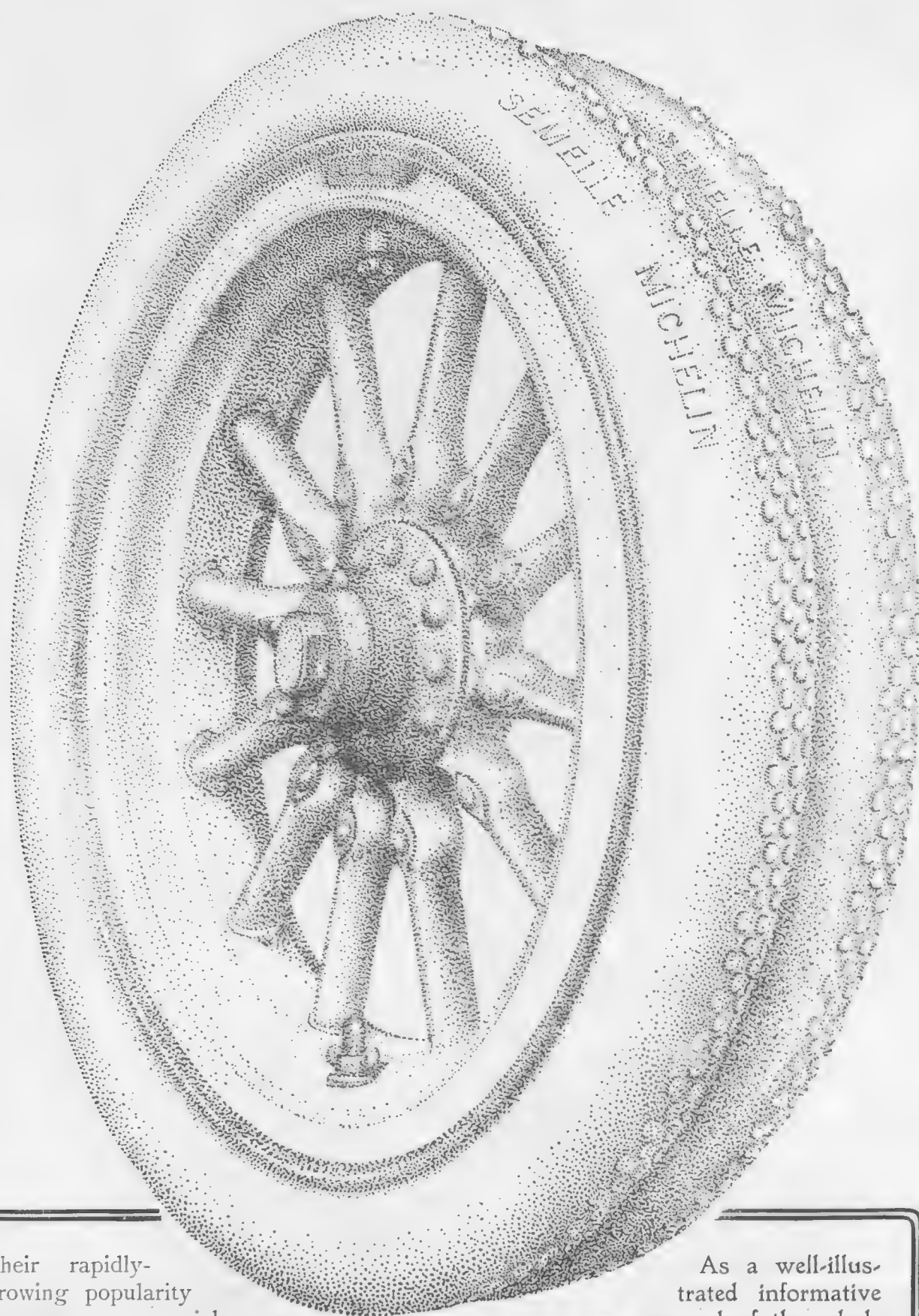


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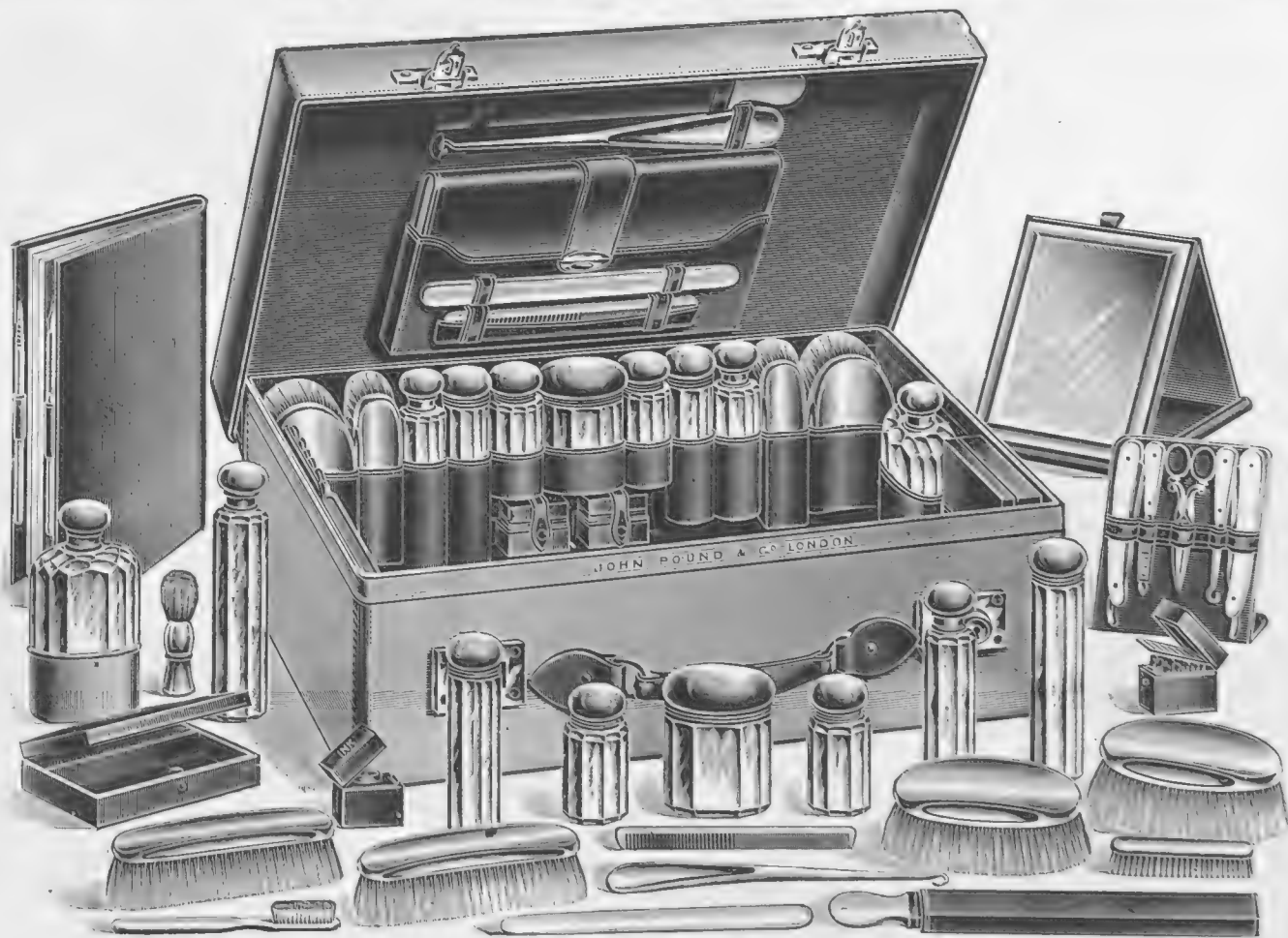
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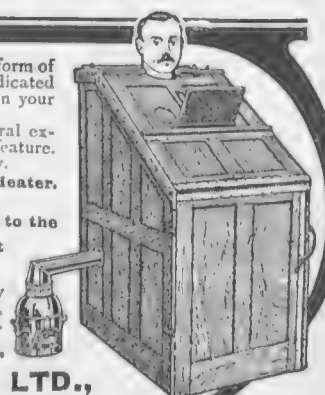
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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The New Small  
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More than usual interest will assuredly be felt in the 11-h.p. Humber, which is to be sold complete—that is, with comfortable scuttle-dash, two-seated body, hood, screen, head-lights, side-lights, tail-lights, and full complement of tools, for £285. The cylinders are cast *en bloc*, and are 68 mm. in bore and 120 mm. in stroke. The lubrication is forced by pump off the end of the cam-shaft to crank-shaft bearings and big ends. The engine and gear-box are carried on an under-frame, and a three-point flexible connection occurs between the clutch and intermediate gear-shafts. A special feature of this neat and attractive model is a large leather-faced cone-clutch running in oil—a daring experiment, at first sight, but one that has been proved entirely to the satisfaction of the experts. The gear-box affords three speeds, and the propeller-shaft has a universal joint forward and a plunging-joint behind.

The Cancellation  
of Registration.

Upon the sale of a second-hand car it is incumbent upon both the vendor and the purchaser to notify the change of ownership to the authority with whom the car was originally registered. An omission to do this is a criminal offence under the Motor Act, and punishable by a heavy fine. Whatever the purchaser may elect to do, it is most advisable for the vendor to take the necessary steps for cancellation, particularly when the car has left him bearing its original numbers, which, by the way, the purchaser may retain on payment of five shillings. If the registration be not cancelled the late owner may sooner or later find himself charged with offences which he has never committed, and of which he has no knowledge. I have just heard of a case in which a car was sold through two second-hand agencies some two years ago without cancellation of registration, and the first unhappy owner now finds himself in danger of an action for damages provoked by he knows not whom. I cannot think he can be held liable for damage he has not done, but it is more than likely he will presently find himself proceeded against for non-compliance with Section so-and-so.

A Sporting Event  
in the Trade.

Who can say that the members of the motor trade are not sportsmen, and never take part in any sort of competition unless they see "bold advertisement" at the end of it? If any such suggestion is made there is the special Hill Climb at Tummel Bridge, lately arranged by the Scottish Motor Traders' Association under the regulations of the Scottish Automobile Club. One of the conditions of this event

was that the winner should make no advertising use of his victory, however conclusive it might be. No fewer than seventeen cars turned out for the competition, which was won by an 11'9-h.p. Arrol-Johnston, with a 15'9-h.p. of the same make as second. The 45-h.p. Sheffield Simplex, the end-to-end-top-speed record car, though starting on the lowest of his two gears, climbed the major portion of the hill on his higher speed.

Sunbeams Again  
Triumphant.

The 15'9-h.p. Sunbeam has again proved its wonderful speediness, and still further established its claim to be considered one of the most remarkable cars of the year. Although the much-discussed fifty miles 15'9 Standard Race at Brooklands last Wednesday proved somewhat disappointing from the point of view of the field, seeing that only two British-built cars started, it is nevertheless gratifying to reflect that this pair finished first and second, with the rest nowhere. Mr. Coatalen has now fairly won his spurs as both a designer and a driver, for he, as everyone knows, is responsible for the construction of the Sunbeam cars as they issue from the Wolverhampton works to-day. His driving is always worth witnessing, for not only does he, naturally, know his car down to the last rivet, but he never gives a chance away on the track, and seems to know just when and where a sprint is wanted. The winning Sunbeam beat its stable companion by 200 yards, and travelled throughout at a speed of 58½ miles per hour.

## The Wee Belsize.

The Belsize Motors, Ltd., are one of the leading firms in this country who are putting a small car upon the market for next year. These cars all have engine dimensions which bring them within the £3 3s. tax, and are offered at a price which will enable them to grapple with foreign competition. Low-priced cars from abroad are likely to give the intending purchaser pause when he bears in mind, as he should, that the firm responsible has no works in this country, while at any time the importation may be stopped and the representation relinquished. Then is the last state of that purchaser worse than the first: he is saddled with a car the second-hand price of which promptly falls away to nothing, and if he wants spares at any time he may be hard put to it to come by them. But with a car issuing from a firm like the Belsize Motors, Limited, with a long-standing reputation behind them and an established position in the country, he may possess his soul in peace. The engine of the 10-12-h.p. Belsize will have its 69 mm. by 130 mm. cylinders cast *en bloc*, a Hans Renold silent chain-drive to the cam-shaft, a metal-to-metal cone-clutch running in oil, and worm drive. Moreover the lubrication is forced to the crank-shaft, troughs doing the rest. A wonderfully up-to-date car.

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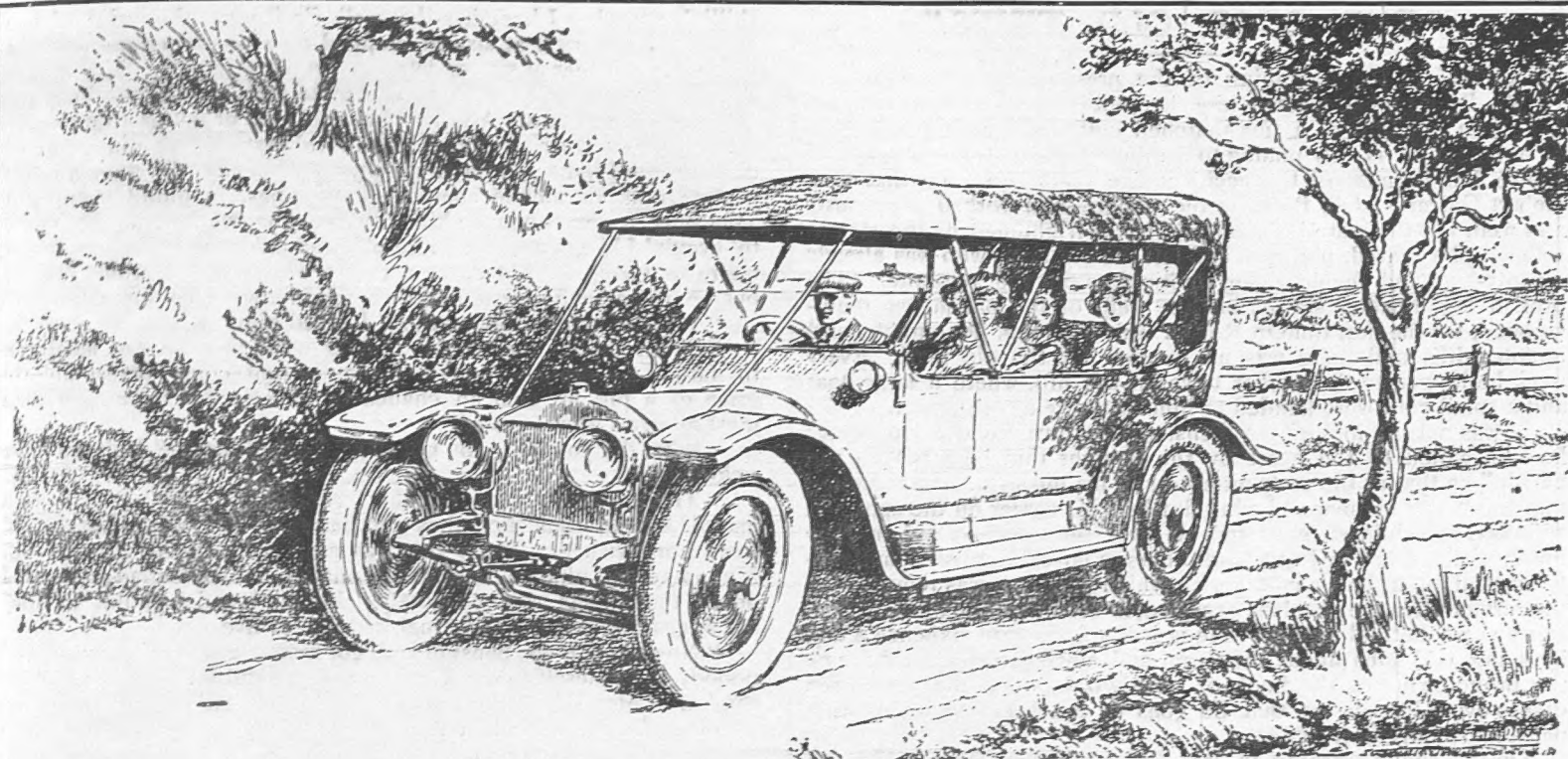


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## "THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

DOWN to the beginning of the present year, the Old Age Pension had passed him by, not merely because he lives in one half of a tiny thatched cottage at the very far end of a lane that is too muddy to explore for eight months out of twelve, but because of the accident five years ago. To that time Robert Guiver—"Old Bob" to the village—had worked strenuously and well, but the mare he was leading was frightened by the steam-roller. She reared, plunged, and left the old man, who was already seventy-two and feeble, lying motionless in the roadway. The broken leg mended slowly, but the help of the parish was requisitioned, for the first time in Robert Guiver's long, honourable, and unnoted life, and there was no pension for the old man. Every week he limped to the market town on the hill, where a large loaf and a small coin were handed to him by the relieving officer.

It was not the loss of the Pension that hurt the old man most; he was galled to the heart by the thought that he was "on the parish," so that in the early bitterness of his misfortune he regretted that the "gret ole mare" hadn't finished his career on the spot. A widower, his children scattered all over the world—a girl in New South Wales, a boy in India, and others in far-off English counties—he lives alone in half a cottage, of which the rent was remitted by the farmer after the accident occurred, in consideration of more than thirty years' faithful service. He is still able to earn sixpence a day by doing odd jobs about the farm; and since January has become the proud owner of the book of weekly orders that the post-office cashes every Friday; so that he goes to the little town now as a pensioner, and not a pauper.

On the sunny morning in late February when the road to the cottage was passable I found "Old Bob" busily engaged in his little garden. In his own phrase, he was "settin' taters," and, considering his disability, was working well.

"When did you start working?" I asked him, as we sat together in the porch, and he had filled his pipe.

"I were six," he answered, "an' I took a penny a day rook-scarin'. Time I were ten I were at the plough."

"You didn't drive a plough then," I said, remembering the old-time wooden implements, heavy as lead, that broke up so many men before they had passed middle age.

"No," he admitted; "nobody can't handle they afore they're well set. But I led the team many's th' day, an' chance times, when I were a bit older, they'd let me drive a few furrows."

"What were the wages, the hours, and the food?" I asked him.

"I were workin' f'r James Grant o' Bacon's Farm 'cross th' marshes," he replied, "an' when I were fifteen 'e rised me to two

shillin's a week. I 'member that well, f'r it were the price of two loaves. We started at six, an' stopped in winter when we couldn't see, an' in summer at six, or later at 'aysel an' 'arvest. Me mother give me th' biggest bit o' bread she could spare in th' mornin' when I started out soon arter five, f'r I 'ad two mile or better to walk, an' I ate part of it f'r me breakfast an' th' rest f'r me dinner. An' chance time I 'ad a job n'r th' yards, an' Mrs. Grant 'd gie me a sup o' skim milk, or mebbe some cold wegables. I didn't taste meat 'cept once a year when we killed th' pig what we fatted. An' come th' evenin' I 'd get another piece o' bread an' some boiled onions or taters or turnips. I 'd snare a rabbit whiles, an' so would father, but we 'ad to keep quiet about that. Didn't, we 'd ha' lost our jobs."

"What did your father earn?" I asked him.

"Seven shillin' a week an' 'is beer what they brewed small on th' farm," he replied, "an' 'e made 'is rent come 'arvest an' th' price of a pig, an' coal an' chance times a sack o' taters. But we most all of us went 'ungry."

"What did you do if you got ill?" I asked him. "Did you have sick-clubs?"

"There weren't none o' they," replied Old Bob; "same as a man or a child took sick they got better or they died, just as th' good Lord wished. Them that was allus ailin' never growed up. My mother 'ad nine an' buried four on 'em, an' some glad to do it, I doubt, though she went on sorely. But wi' bread a shillin' th' loaf an' wages that low it was a cruel 'ard job to live."

"Now along o' me pension I've got most eight shillin' a week an' nobody 'cept meself to keep, an' its a wunnerful lot o' money, to my thinkin'. Most every week I buys meself a bit o' meat, an' I've cheese an' marmylade and tea, same as we never 'ad when I were young. And men like what they earn these d'ys for theirselves."

I looked for explanation.

"When wiges rose to 'leven shillin's on th' marsh farms where me father worked," he continued, "the looker\* used to go to th' town every Saturday afternoon an' buy what e' thought 'e would, an' then th' men 'ad to buy it all back when they took their money—bread an' cheese an' marmylade an' what nots, an' th' looker mide 'is profit. They don't let 'em do it now; it were werry 'ard on we."

"What happened to those who wouldn't buy from the 'looker'?" I asked him, though I knew the answer well enough.

"'E told 'em to find another job werry sharp," replied Old Bob; "and they know'd well enough they wouldn't get one, f'r th' looker 'd swear they was no good."

"So you don't think much of the 'good old times'?" I concluded.

"Lord love ye," replied Old Bob simply, "there never weren't none. I've lived through 'em."

S. L. BENSUSAN.

\* Overseer or foreman.



No. 555

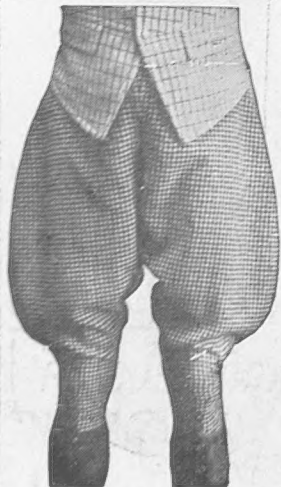
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sheep-dog weighing some sixty pounds. Euphemia said the buttons were to cost twopence, whereas the dog cost five guineas. The chapter which follows is one of the pleasantest in a pleasant book.

**"All Awry."**By MAUD ANNESLEY,  
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When five tempestuous knickered and shirted children embraced their aunt, who wished to mother them, she naturally, knowing one should be a girl, asked, "Which is Clotilde?" Clotilde it was whose boy-spirit sat awry in her girl's body. And though she accepted skirts in the 'teens, she reverted to trousers in the twenties, and shipped as assistant-purser in a steamer, and got wrecked on a desert island along with the third officer, and spent a fortnight among adventures and makeshifts which will make every schoolboy green with envy. Their scorn of Father Robinson of the Swiss family was much misplaced. People who make string-bags in which to carry turtle's eggs, and shave with shells, need throw no stones at such as he. Restored to her family—and she was something of an heiress—it still needed a ruse to straighten out that perverse twist of masculinity and make her accept domesticity with her third officer. But it is accomplished in the last page.



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